

SONGS and GAMES
for
LITTLE ONES



Sing, lit-tle chil-dren, sing.

Westmount Junior High School

Westmount Junior High School

Westmount Junior High School

#668

My Hudson house - 94.

The snail. 119.

Hopping birds 116.

The Blacksmith. 123.

Five little Chickadees - 93.

Winter Jewels. 56.

The Little N. Year. 57

Chasing the Squirrels 117.

Little mice 95

Easter time. Page 21-

The Sandman Page 80.

Westmount Junior High School

XX 668.

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SONGS AND GAMES FOR LITTLE ONES

PREPARED BY

GERTRUDE WALKER

AND

HARRIET S. JENKS

THIRTY-FIFTH THOUSAND

ENLARGED EDITION

BOSTON

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

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GERTRUDE A. WALKER AND HARRIET JENKS GREENOUGH

P R E F A C E.

SONGS AND GAMES FOR LITTLE ONES is designed to meet a need felt in the Kindergarten, in the school, and in the home. A large number of the songs are entirely new, and have been written expressly for this book.

Kindergartners will find that songs and games which have hitherto been obtainable only in manuscript form, many of them kindly supplied to us by Miss GARLAND and Miss WESTON, are here newly arranged and harmonized.

Special care has been taken that the harmony should be simple and correct, and for valuable help in this part of the work we are indebted to PROFESSOR E. B. STORY, of SMITH COLLEGE.

For kindness in permitting the use of copyright pieces, our thanks are due to MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD, BIGLOW & MAIN, GINN & Co., THE JOHN CHURCH Co., Wm. A. POND & Co., OLIVER DITSON & Co., THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, and THE ST. NICHOLAS; also to MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE, MISS LUCY LARCOM, MRS. CELIA THAXTER, MR. LUTHER MASON, MR. F. H. GILSON, MR. DANIEL BATCHELLOR, MR. A. AUG. LOW, and MR. GEORGE COOPER, and to personal friends who have so generously aided us in our work.

To all little ones for whom music has a message, this book is lovingly sent.

GERTRUDE WALKER.

HARRIET S. JENKS.

PREFACE TO ENLARGED EDITION.

After twenty-four years of success beyond most sanguine expectations, "Songs and Games for Little Ones" now appears in enlarged form, seeking in this way to express the gratitude of the authors for the generous appreciation which has been accorded to the book through so long a period of time. Our thanks are extended to many friends who have lent their judgment and coöperation in the preparation of this enlarged edition, and we desire to publicly acknowledge the kindness of the MILTON BRADLEY Co., the CLAYTON F. SUMMY Co., and the OLIVER DITSON COMPANY for the use of copyrighted songs.

GERTRUDE A. WALKER.
BOSTON, MASS., January, 1912.

HARRIET JENKS GREENOUGH.

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SONGS AND GAMES

FOR

→ LITTLE ONES. ←

MORNING HYMN.

Rebecca J. Weston.

D. Batchellor.

1. Fa - ther, we thank Thee for the night, And for the pleas - ant morn-ing light,

For rest and food and lov - ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.

2. Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do in work or play
To grow more loving every day.

From "TONIC SOL-FA MUSIC COURSE," by per. F. H. GILSON.

CAN A LITTLE CHILD LIKE ME.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

E. B. Story.



1. Can a lit - tle child like me Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly? Yes, oh, yes, be



good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do; Love the Lord and do your part,



Learn to say, with all your heart, "Fa - ther in Heav - en, we thank Thee!"



2. For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing of Thee,
For the earth in beauty dressed,
Father, mother, and the rest,
For Thy precious, loving care,
For Thy bounty everywhere,
" Father in Heaven, we thank Thee."

Words used by permission.

CAREFUL GARDENER.

Mrs. Cushing.

Hymn.

1. Care - ful Gar - dener, Friend so dear, Gen - tly to Thy flow - ers here
Send the sun - shine and the rain, Let them lift their heads a - gain.

2. Without Thy care they wilt and die,
Let them in Thy lovelight lie;
Then they feel no fear of harm,
Sheltered by Thy holy arm.

3. Let them grow, from year to year,
To beauty and to Thee more near,
Till at last when the flow'rs are blown,
Cull them for Thy happy home.

LITTLE LAMBS SO WHITE AND FAIR.

B. L. W.

1. Lit - tle lambs so white and fair Are the shep-herd's con-stant care;
Now he leads their ten - der feet In - to pas-tures green and sweet.

2. Now they listen and obey,
Following where he leads the way;
Heavenly Father, may we be
Thus obedient unto Thee!

(9)

ALL THE LITTLE SPARROWS.

1. { All the lit - tle spar - rows that fly so swift a - way,
 All the lit - tle sun - beams that on the blos - soms fall,

CHORUS.

All the lit - tle flow - ers that look so bright and gay, } Sing, chil - dren, sing, and
 Praise our Heavenly Fa - ther be - cause He loves us all. }

let us hap - py be, Our lov - ing Heavenly Fa - ther will care for you and me.

2. All the little moments that make the day so long
 I must fill with goodness and try to do no wrong;
 All my teacher tells me I must remember, too,
 Little deeds of kindness I'll always try to do. CHORUS.

THE BIRDIE'S SONG.

Words and Music by Mabel Frost.

1. There was once a lit - tle bir - die, Liv - ing in a for - est tree;

And it sang a song one morn - ing, That was sweet as sweet could be.

2. Would you know what sang the birdie,
 Living in a forest tree ?
 Joyously it sang that morning,
 "God is good, He cares for me!"

3. Little children, join the music
 Of the birdie in the tree;
 Sing again this happy morning,
 "God is good, He cares for me!"

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

Mrs. E. H. Miller.

Gertrude Walker.



1. Je - sus bids us shine With a clear, pure light,



Like a lit - tle can - dle Burn - ing in the night.



In this world is dark - ness, So . . . we must shine,



You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.



2. Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light is dim.
He looks down from Heaven
To see us shine,—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

3. Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In the world are found.—
Sin and want and sorrow,—
So we must shine,
You in your small corner.
And I in mine.

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IN THE PLEASANT SUNNY MEADOWS.

Adapted.

F. D. Allen.



1. In the pleas - ant sun - ny mead - ows, Where the but - ter - cups are seen,



And the dai - sies, lit - tle shad - ows Lie a - long the lev - el green.



2. Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,
Little lambs are playing near,
And the watchful shepherd leading
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

3. Like the lambs, we little children
Have a Shepherd kind and good;
It is God who watches o'er us,
Gives us life and daily food.

German Air.



In the pleas - ant sun - ny mead - ows, Where the but - ter - cups are seen,



And the dai - sies, lit - tle shad - ows Lie a - long the lev - el green.



GOD, MAKE MY LIFE A LITTLE LIGHT.

Mrs. B. M. Edwards.

D. Batchellor.



1. God, make my life a lit - tle light, With - in the world to glow,—



A lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright, Wher - ev - er I may go.

CHORUS.



Oh, Fa - ther, keep Thy chil - dren, Do Thou our foot - steps guide!



We walk in peace and safe - ty, While keep - ing at Thy side.

2. God, make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all;
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

CHORUS.

3. God, make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbor best.

CHORUS.

CANST THOU COUNT THE STARS?

Words and Music from the German.



1. Canst thou count the stars, that night - ly Glis - ten in the az - ure sky?



Canst thou count the clouds that light - ly, Ev - ery day go float - ing by?



God, the Lord, the num - ber know - eth Of the won - ders that He



show - eth, Of the won - ders that He show - eth, In their count - less mul - ti - tude.



2. Canst thou count the insects playing
In the sunshine's golden light?
Canst thou count the fishes straying
In the sparkling waters bright?
God, the Lord, a name hath given
To all creatures under heaven,
When He called them into light.

3. Canst thou count how many children
Go to little beds at night,
Sleeping there so warm and cosy;
Till they wake at morning's light?
God, the Lord, each name can tell,
Knows them all and loves them well,
God, the Lord, each name can tell.

THE MORNING BRIGHT.

Rev. T. O. Summers, D.D.

The morn-ing bright, with ro - sy light, Has waked me from my sleep;

Fa - ther, I own Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.

GOD IS THERE.

1. When o'er earth is break - ing Ro - sy light and fair,

Morn a - far is tell - ing Sweet - ly, God is there, Sweet - ly, God is there.

2. When the Spring is wreathing
Flowers rich and rare,
On each leaf is written
Nature's God is there!

WHAT THE LITTLE THINGS SAID.

Fannie J. Crosby.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

1. "I'll hie me down to yon-der bank," A lit - tle rain - drop said, "And

try to cheer that lone-ly flower, And cool its mos - sy bed; Per -

haps the breeze may chide me, Be - cause I am so small, But

sure - ly I may do my best, For God has work for all."

2. "I may not linger," said the brook,
"But ripple on my way,
And help the rills and rivers all
To make the ocean spray."
"And I must haste to labor,"
Replied the busy bee,
"The summer days are long and bright,
And God has work for me."
3. If little things that God has made
Are useful in their kind,
Oh, let us learn a simple truth,
And bear it in our mind:
That every child can praise Him,
However weak or small;
Let each with joy remember this,
The Lord has work for all.

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CHILDREN, GRATEFUL FOR MEETING.

Chil-dren,grate-ful for meet-ing, Praise the Lord at your greet-ing, Hum-bly thank your God,
 You are all safe in His keep-ing, Through the long night while you're sleep-ing,
 Safe through the day in your work and your play, Praise the Lord heart-i-ly, chil-dren, to-day.

LITTLE GARDENS

Emilie Pousson.

G. W.

1. Lit-tle gar-dens may have room For the fair-est flowers that blow,
 If the plants are tend-ed well, And no weed is left to grow.

2. So in all our hearts may be
 Little gardens, sweet and fair,
 If we check the weeds of sin,
 And keep goodness growing there.

HYMN OF THANKS.

Mary J. Garland.

Brightly.

Julia A. Hidden.

1. For this new morn - ing with its light, For rest and shel - ter of the
 2. For rest and food, for love and friends, For ev - 'ry - thing His good - ness

night, We thank the heav'n - ly Fa - ther, We thank the heav'n - ly Fa - ther.—
 sends, We thank the heav'n - ly Fa - ther, We thank the heav'n - ly Fa - ther.—

HYMN.

Margaret Dulin.

Julia A. Hidden.

1. For flow - ers, trees and won - drous things, For sky of blue, and bird that sings, For
 2. For fa - ther, moth - er, ba - by dear, For friends and home so full of cheer, For

winds that whis - per in the trees, We thank the Fa - ther for all these.
 all the pleas - ant things one sees, We thank the Fa - ther for all these.

EASTER HYMN.

Lucy Larcom.

D. Batchellor.

1. Breaks the joy - ful East - er dawn, Clear - er yet and strong - er; Win - ter from the

world has gone, Death shall be no lon - ger. Far a - way, good an - gels, drive

Night and sin and sad - ness, Earth a-wakes, in smiles a - live With her dear Lord's glad - ness.

CHORUS.

Breaks the joy - ful East - er dawn, Clear - er yet and strong - er;

Win - ter from the world has gone, Death shall be no lon - ger.

2. Roused from long and lonely hours
Under snow drifts chilly,
In his hands he brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily;
Every little buried bud
Into life he raises,
Every wild flower of the wood
Sings the dear Lord's praises.

CHORUS.

3. Open, happy flowers of Spring,
For the sun is risen,
Through the sky sweet voices ring,
Calling you from prison.
Little children, dear, look up,
Toward His brightness pressing,
Lift up every heart a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.

CHORUS.

EASTER HYMN.

Lucy Larcom.

E. B. Story.

1. Breaks the joyful Easter dawn, Clear-er yet and strong-er;

FINE.

Win-ter from the world has gone, Death shall be no lon-ger.

Far a-way, good an-gels, drive Night and sin and sad-ness,

D.C.

Earth a-wakes in smiles, a-live With her dear Lord's glad-ness.

2. Roused from long and lonely hours
Under snow drifts chilly,
In his hands he brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily;
Every little buried bud
Into life he raises,
Every wild flower of the wood
Sings the dear Lord's praises.

CHORUS.

3. Open, happy flowers of Spring,
For the sun is risen,
Through the sky sweet voices ring
Calling you from prison.
Little children dear, look up,
Toward His brightness pressing,
Lift up every heart a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing!

CHORUS.

AT EASTER TIME.

Laura E. Richards.

B. L. W



1. The lit - tle flowers came through the ground, At East - er time, at East - er time;



They raised their heads and looked a - round, At hap - py East - er time.



And ev - ery pret - ty bud did say, "Good peo - ple, bless this ho - ly day,



For Christ is risen, the an - gels say, At hap - py East - er time!"



2. The pure white lily raised its cup
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up
At happy Easter time.
"We'll hear the song of Heaven!" they say,
"Its glory shines on us to-day;
Oh, may it shine on us alway
At holy Easter time!"

3. 'Twas long and long and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow,
At happy Easter time.
"And still each little flower doth say,
Good Christians, bless this holy day!
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
At blessed Easter time!"

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WEATHER SONG.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade, 1869.

Gertrude Walker.

1. This is the way the cloud comes down, Dark - ly, dark - ly fall - ing;
 So it cov - ers the shin - ing blue, Till no ray can glis - ten through.

ritard.

This is the way the cloud comes down, Dark - ly, dark - ly fall - ing.

2. This is the way the rain comes down,
 Swiftly, swiftly falling,
 So He sendeth His welcome rain
 Over field and hill and plain.
 This is the way the rain comes down,
 Swiftly, swiftly falling.

3. This is the way the snow comes down,
 Softly, softly falling,
 So He giveth His snow like wool,
 Fair and white and beautiful.
 This is the way the snow comes down,
 Softly, softly falling.

4. This is the way the frost comes down,
 Widely, widely falling,
 So it spreadeth all through the night,
 Shining, cold, and pure and white.
 This is the way the frost comes down,
 Widely, widely falling.

5. This is way the hail comes down,
 Loudly, loudly falling.
 So it flieth beneath the cloud,
 Swift and strong and wild and loud.
 This is the way the hail comes down.
 Loudly, loudly falling.

6. This is the way sunshine comes down,
 Sweetly, sweetly falling,
 So it chaseth the cloud away,
 So it waketh the lovely day.
 This is the way sunshine comes down,
 Sweetly, sweetly falling.

7. This is the way rainbow comes down,
 Brightly, brightly falling,
 So it shineth across the sky.
 Making fair the heavens on high.
 This is the way rainbow comes down,
 Brightly, brightly falling.

8. This is the way the leaves come down,
 Gently, gently falling,
 In gold and brown and crimson drest,
 Rocked by the wind, they lie and rest.
 This is the way the leaves come down,
 Gently, gently falling.

9. Wonderful, Lord, are all thy works,
 Wheresoever falling,
 All their various voices raise,
 Speaking forth their Maker's praise.
 Wonderful, Lord, are all Thy works,
 Wheresoever falling.

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THE DAISY.

T. F. Seward.

D. Batchellor.

1. In the ear - ly Spring - time, when the vio - lets grow, When the birds sing
 sweet - ly, and the soft winds blow, Comes the lit - tle dai - sy,
 blooming fresh and fair, Spring-ing bright and joy-ous in the morn - ing air.

2. Sunny little blossom, on your slender stalk,
 How much you would teach us if you could but talk!
 Ever looking upward, all the livelong day,
 Bright your faces turn to catch each sunbeam's ray.

THE VIOLET.

Jane Taylor.

H. G. Nagæli.

1. { Tim - id, blue - eyed flow - er, } 'Mid the moss so green;
 In thy na - tive bow - er, }
 Say, what are you do - ing? Why so low - ly bow - ing? Ev - er art thou seen?

2. "Joy within me springeth,
 When so sweetly singeth
 The lone nightingale.
 To her song attending,
 I am lowly bending,
 In my peaceful vale."

By permission from THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL MUSIC READER.

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

F. D. Allen.



1. To the great brown house, where the flow- ers dwell, Came the rain with its tap, tap,



tap! And whis- pered, "Vio - let, Snow - drop, Rose, Your



pret - ty eyes you must now un - close From your long, long win - try nap,



From your long, long win - try nap!" Said the rain with its tap, tap, tap!



2. From the doors they peeped with a timid grace,
Just to answer this tap, tap, tap!
Miss Snowdrop courtesied a sweet "Good-day,"
Then all came nodding their heads so gay,
And they said, "We've had our nap!
Thank you, rain, for your tap, tap, tap!"

SEE, MILLIONS OF BRIGHT RAIN-DROPS.

Adapted.

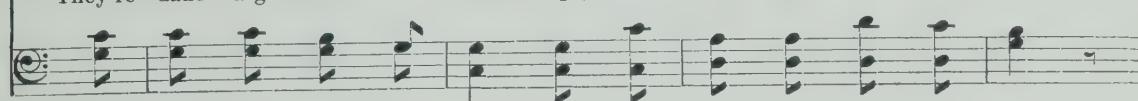
German Air.



1. See, mil - lions of bright rain - drops Are fall - ing all a - round;



They're danc - ing on the house - tops, And hid - ing in the ground.



Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra,



la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la.



2. These fairy-like musicians,
With anything for keys,
Play tunes upon the windows,
Beat time upon the trees.

Tra, la, la, etc.

3 We happy little children
Musicians, too, will be,
And with the rain's sweet music
Keep time so joyously.

Tra, la, la, etc.

SHOWER AND FLOWER.

Lucy Larcom.

D. Batchellor.

1. Down the lit - tle drops pat - ter, Mak - ing a mus - i - cal clat - ter,
 Out of the clouds they throng; Fresh - ness of Heav - en they
 scatter Lit - tle dark root - lets a - mong; "Com - ing to vis - it you,
 pos - ies! O - pen your hearts to us, ros - es!"
 This is the rain - drop's song, This is the rain - drop's song.

2. Up the little seed rises,
 Buds of all colors and sizes
 Clamber up out of the ground.
 Gently the blue sky surprises
 The earth with that soft rushing sound.
 Welcome the brown bees are humming,
 "Come, for we wait for your coming!"
 Whisper the wild flow'rs around.

3. "Shower, 'tis pleasant to hear you!
 Flower, 'tis sweet to be near you!"
 This is the song everywhere.
 Listen! the music will cheer you.
 Rain drops and blossoms so fair
 Gladly are meeting together,
 Out in the beautiful weather;
 Oh, the sweet song 'n the air!

From "TONIC SOL-FÀ MUSIC COURSE," by permission of F. H. GILSON.

OH, THE LOVELY, LOVELY MAY!

Old Melody.



1. { Oh, the love - ly, love - ly May, } When by vale and moun - tain, When by brook and



foun - tain, Flow - 'rets bloom and in - sects play, In the love - ly, love - ly May.



Oh, the love - ly, love - ly May, Ev - er wel - come, ev - er gay!



Charm - ing, love - ly May!



2. Oh, how fresh the morning air,
Oh, how lovely all things are!
Birds so gaily singing,
Woods and meadows ringing;
Buds and blossoms fresh and bright,
Leaves so green,— enchanting sight!
Oh, the lovely, lovely May,
Ever welcome, ever gay!
Charming, lovely May!

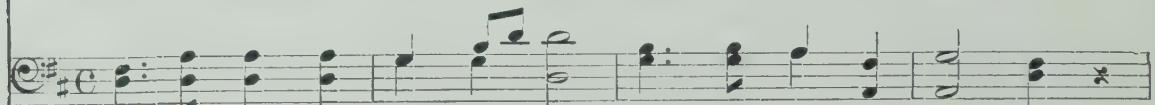
ALL THE BIRDS HAVE COME AGAIN.

From the German.

Volkslied.



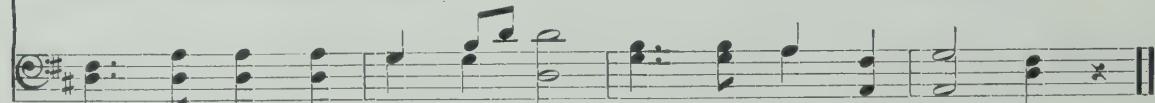
1. All the birds have come a - gain, Come a - gain to greet us,



And a joy - ous song they raise, Chirp - ing, sing - ing mer - ry lays;



Pleas - ant Spring-time's hap - py days Now re - turn to meet us!



2. See how gaily one and all
To and fro are springing!
As their chanting meets my ear,
Voices sweet I seem to hear,
Wishing us a happy year,
Blessings with it bringing.

3. What they teach us in their song
We must e'er be learning;
Let us ever cheerful be,
As the birds upon the tree,
Welcoming so joyously
Every Spring returning!

THE ALDER BY THE RIVER.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

Hermann Strachauer.

1. The al - der by the riv - er Shakes out her pow-d'ry curls, The wil - low buds in

sil - ver For lit - tle boys and girls. The lit - tle birds fly o - ver,

And oh, how sweetly sing! To tell the hap - py chil - dren That once a - gain 'tis spring.

CHORUS.

Who is it brings the flow - ers, A - dorn - ing earth a - new? 'Tis God, oh, hap - py

chil - dren, He makes them all for you, He makes them all for you.

2. The verdant grass comes creeping,
So soft beneath the feet,
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.
And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.—CHO.

3. And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.
Here blows the warm, red clover,
There peeps the violet blue.—
Oh, happy, happy children,
God makes them all for you.—CHO.

THE BLUEBIRD.

Mrs. E. H. Miller.

M. B. P.

1. I know the song that the blue-bird is sing - ing, Up in the ap - ple - tree
 where he is swing-ing. Brave lit - tle fel - low! the skies may look dreary,—

CHORUS.

Noth - ing cares he while his heart is so cheery. "Daf - fo - dils! daf - fo - dils!
 say, do you hear? Sum - mer is com - ing, and Spring - time is here!"

2. Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!

Hark! was there ever so merry a note?

Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
 Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.

CHORUS.

3. "Dear little blossoms down under the snow,

You must be weary of winter, I know;

Hark while I sing you a message of cheer!
 Summer is coming and Spring-time is here!

CHORUS.

4. Little white snowdrop, I pray you, arise;

Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
 Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,

Put on your mantles of purple and gold!"

CHORUS.

FORGET ME NOT.

F. A. L. Jacob.

1. A love - ly lit - tle flow - 'ret Blooms on our mead - oow green;

Its eye, just like the heav - en, So blue and clear is seen.

2. And though you hear no voices
In that far, lonely spot,
The flower is something saying,
It says, "Forget me not!"

3. So when I see two dear eyes
So shining and so blue,
I think of our green meadow,
And of my flow'ret, too.

4. My heart then something sayeth;
Oh, can you tell me what?
All timidly and softly
It says, "Forget me not!"

From THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL MUSIC READER. by permission.

THE VIOLET.

Reinecke.

1. Oh, love - ly lit - tle vio - let, I pray you, tell me, dear,

Why you ap - pear so ear - ly, Ere oth - er flowers are here.

2. "Because I am so tiny,
In early May come I;
If I came with the others,
I fear you'd pass me by."

TWO ROBIN REDBREASTS.

Adapted.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time (indicated by '4') and G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp sign). The first staff begins with a single note followed by a series of eighth notes. The second staff begins with a single note followed by a series of eighth notes. The third staff begins with a single note followed by a series of eighth notes. The fourth staff begins with a single note followed by a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Two rob - in red - breasts in their nest Had lit - tle rob - ins
three, The moth - er - bird sat still at home, Her mate sang mer - ri -
ly, And all the lit - tle rob - ins said!" Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee,
wee!" And all the lit - tle rob - ins said,"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee!"

2. One day the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky;
The mother said, "My little ones,
'Tis time you learned to fly!"
And all the little robins said,
"We'll try! we'll try! we'll try!"

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OVER THE BARE HILLS FAR AWAY.

Julie M. Lippmann.

Briskly.

O. B. Brown.

3/8 time, key signature of one sharp (F#). The music consists of four staves of music with corresponding lyrics.

1. O - ver the bare hills far a - way, Some - bod - y's trav - el - ling
 2. Sing, lit - tle brook, wake up, and hear! Where is the song that you
 3. Dain - ty wee clouds in the bright blue sky, Last year I taught you to

day by day; Com - ing so slow - ly, I won - der why! Oh, she is
 learned last year? Don't you re - mem - ber the dear old tune? Naugh-ty small
 float so high! Flow - ers, where are you? why don't you blow? Come, Dan - de -

bus - y as she goes by.
 brook to for - get so soon! 4. Spring up, tall grass-es, and dais - ies and clov - er!
 li - on, you can, I know.

Last year I taught you how, o - ver and o - ver, Come with me, ev - ery one,

this is the way; Don't you re - mem - ber me? Why, I am May!"

Words from THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. Used by permission.

MAY,

O. B. Brown.

1. Pret - ty lit - tle vio - lets, wak - ing from your sleep,

Fra - grant lit - tle blos - soms, just a - bout to peep,

Would you know the rea - son all the world is gay?

List - en to the bob - o - link, tell - ing you 'tis May.

2. Little ferns and grasses, all so green and bright,
Purple clover nodding, daises fresh and white,
Would you know the reason all the world is gay?
Listen to the bobolink, telling you 'tis May.
4. Darling little warblers, coming in the Spring,
Would you know the reason that you love to sing?
Hear the merry children, shouting as they play,
"Listen to the bobolink, telling us 'tis May!"

PUSSY WILLOW.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

1. "Oh, you pus - sy wil - low, Pret - ty lit - tle thing,

2. Com - ing with the sun - shine Of the ear - ly Spring,

Tell me, tell me, pus - sy, For I want to know,

Where it is you come from, How it is you grow!"

2. "Now, my little children,
If you'll look at me
And my little sisters.
I am sure you'll see
Tiny little houses,
Out of which we peep,
When we first are waking
From our winter's sleep.

3. As the days grow milder,
Out we put our heads,
And we lightly move us
In our little beds;
And when warmer breezes
Of the Springtime blow,
Then we little pussies
All to catkins grow!"

THE BIRDIES' BALL.

Abridged.

Mrs. S. C. Cornwell.

1. Spring once said to the night - in - gale, "I wish to give you
birds a ball! Pray, now ask the bird - ies all, The
birds and bir - dies great and small!" Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

2. Soon they came from each bush and tree,
All singing sweet their song of glee,
Each one fresh from his cosy nest,
And each one dressed in his Sunday best.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

3. They danced all day, till the sun was low,
The mother-birds prepared to go,
Then one and all, both great and small,
Flew home to their nests from the birdies' ball.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

Music used by permission.

RUN, LITTLE RIVULET, RUN.

Lucy Larcom.

F. Boott.

1. Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run! Sum - mer is fair - ly be - gun,

Oh, bear to the mead - ow the hymn of the pines, And the ech - o that rings where the

wa - ter - fall shines; Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run, run!

Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run! Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run!

2. Run, little rivulet, run!

Sing to the fields of the sun
That wavers in emerald, shimmers in gold,
Where you glide from your rocky ravine, crystal cold,
Run, little rivulet, run!

3. Run, little rivulet, run!

Sing of the flowers, ev'ry one,
Of delicate harebell and violet blue,
Of the red, mountain rosebud, all dripping with dew,
Run, little rivulet, run!

4. Run, little rivulet, run!

Carry the perfume you won
From the lily that woke when the morning was gray,
To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay,
Run, little rivulet, run!

5. Run, little rivulet, run!

Stay not till summer is done,
Carry to the city the mountain-bird's glee,
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea,
Run, little rivulet, run!

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LITTLE WHITE LILY.

George MacDonald.

Gertrude Walker.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by '3/4' or '4/4' in the top left of each staff). The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with each line of text corresponding to a measure or group of measures. The first staff contains the first two lines of the lyrics: '1. Lit - tle white lil - y sat by a stone, Droop - ing and'. The second staff contains the next two lines: 'wait - ing till the sun shone; Lit - tle white lil - y'. The third staff concludes the lyrics with 'sun - shine has fed. Lit - tle white lil - y is lift - ing her head.'

2. Little white lily said, "It is good,—
Little white lily's clothing and food."
Little white lily drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness, and crowned beside!
3. Little white lily droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting for the wet rain;
Little white lily holdeth her cup,
Rain is fast falling and filling it up.
4. Little white lily said, "Good again,—
When I am thirsty to have the fresh rain;
Now I am stronger, now I am cool,
Heat cannot burn me, my veins are so full."
5. Little white lily smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine, rain at her feet.
'Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the rain!
Little white lily is happy again.

SUMMER SONG.



1. Hear the quail in yon - der glen, He is call - ing to his mate;



You can hear him in the morn - ing, Hear him ear - ly, hear him late.



(Whistle) (Whistle) That is what the quail is say - ing, As he whistles to his mate.



2. Hear the owl in yonder tree,
Among the leaves so green;
Can you tell me what he's saying,
In his leafy house unseen ?
Whoo! whoo!
This is what the owl is saying,
In his leafy house unseen.

3. Seeking for his morning food,
See the crow in yonder field!
He must feed his little nestlings,
In the nest so well concealed.
Caw! caw!
This is what the crow is saying,
Seeking for his nestlings food.

4. When the evening comes again,
And the earth in night is hid,
All along the roads and meadows
You can hear the katy-did.
Katy-did! katy-did!
All along the woods and meadows
You can hear the katy-did.

GRASSHOPPER GREEN.



1. Grasshop-er Green is a com - i - cal chap, He lives on the best of fare;



Bright lit - tle jack - et and trou-sers and cap, These are his sum - mer wear.



Out in the mead-ow he loves to go, Play-ing a - way in the sun. It's



hop - per - ty, skip - per - ty, high and low, Sum-mer's the time for fun!



2. Grasshopper Green has a dozen wee boys;
And soon as their legs grow strong,
Each of them joins in his frolicsome joys,
Singing his merry song.
Under the hedge in a happy row,
Soon as the day is begun,
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun!

3. Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house,
It's under the hedge so gay,
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun!

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Rev. Alfred Taylor.

D. Batchellor.

1. Buzz! This is the song of the bee. His legs are of yellow, a

FINE.

jol - ly good fel - low, And yet a great work - er is he.

In days that are sun - ny, he's mak - ing his hon - ey, In

days that are cloud - y, he's mak - ing his wax; On pinks and on lil - ies and

gay daf - fo - dil - lies, and col - um - bine blos - soms, He lev - ies a tax.

2. Buzz!

This is the song of the bee.

His legs are of yellow, a jolly good fellow,

And yet a great worker is he.

The sweet smelling clover he humming hangs over,

The scent of the roses makes fragrant his wings;

He never gets lazy,— from thistle and daisy,

And weeds of the meadow, some measure he brings.

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Words from "SONGS FOR TO-DAY," by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

THE REASON WHY.

George Cooper.

Cheerfully.

O. B. Brown.

1. Oh, hap - py birds a - mong the boughs, And sil - ver, tink - ling brook be - low,
Why are you glad though skies look sad, Though skies look sad?

a little slower.

“Ah, would you, would you know? Ah, would you, would you know?” A pleas - ant voice to
me re - plied, “For some - one else we sing, For some - one else we sing, And
a tempo.
that is why the wood-lands wide With rap - ture 'round us ring!”

accel.

2. Oh, daisies, crowding all the fields,
And twinkling grass, and buds that grow.
Each glance you greet
With smiles so sweet!
“And why? ah, would you know?”
Their beauty to my heart replied,
“For some one else we live,
And nothing in this world so wide
Is sweeter than to give!”

Words from ST. NICHOLAS. Used by permission

OUT IN THE MEADOWS.

1. Out in the mead-ows so fresh and so dew - y, Out in the mead-ows at
 break-ing of day, Op - ning their eyes at the first beam of sun - light, "We
 wish you good - mor - row!" the dai - sies say. Gold - en and white in the
 morn - ing light, "We wish you good-mor - row!" the dai - sies say.

2. Out in the fields in the glory of noontide,
 Out where the bees and the butterflies play,
 Through their white lids looking up into Heaven,
 "We love the bright sunshine!" the daisies say.
 Gol den and white in the noontide light,
 "We love the bright sunshine!" the daisies say.

3. Out in the field when the bright sunlight fadeth,
 Gilding the hilltop with lingering ray,
 Closing their eyes as the day's glory dieth,
 "We wish you good-evening!" the daisies say.
 Golden and white in the evening light,
 "We wish you good-evening!" the daisies say.

4. Out in the fields, in the quiet, sweet starlight,
 Hushed al! confusion and noise of the day,
 All fast asleep, with their golden eyes hidden,
 "We wake on 'the morrow!" the daisies say.
 Golden and white in the still starlight,
 "We wake on the morrow!" the daisies say.

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BOAT SONG.

Spanish Melody.



1. Light - ly row, light - ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go!



Smooth - ly glide, smooth - ly glide, On the si - lent tide!



Let the winds and wa - ters be Ming - led with our mel - o - dy.



Sing and float, sing and float, In our lit - tle boat!

2. Far away, far away,
Echo in the rocks at play,
Calleth not, calleth not,
To this lonely spot.
Only with the sea-bird's note
Shall our dying music float;
Lightly row, lightly row,
Echo's voice is low.

COME, LITTLE LEAVES.

George Cooper.

Margaret P. Osgood.

1. "Come, lit - tle leaves," said the wind one day,

"Come o'er the mead - ows with me and play, Put on your dress - es of

red and gold, For sum - mer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the sweet little songs they knew.

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your farewell song,
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know!"

Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

5. Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

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GOOD-BYE TO THE FLOWERS.

George Cooper.

Harriet P. Sawyer.



1 Good - bye, dai - sy, pink and rose, And snow-white lil - y, too!



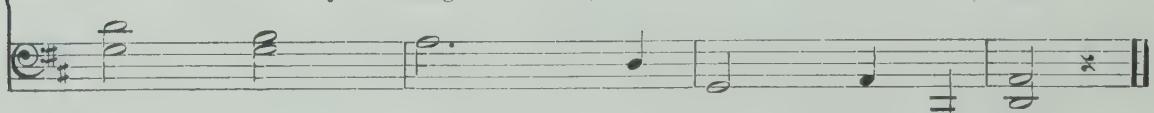
Ev - ery pret - ty flower that grows, Here's a kiss for you!



Good - bye, mer - ry bird and bee, And take this ti - ny song



For the one you sang to me, All the sum - mer long!



2. Good-bye, mossy little rill,
That shivers in the cold,
Leaves that fall on vale and hill
Cover you with gold!
A sweet good-bye to birds that roam,
And rills and flowers and bees!
But when winter's gone, come home
As early as you please.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

Lydia Maria Child.

Margaret Bradford Morton.



1. O - ver the riv - er and through the wood, To grand-father's house we go,



The horse knows the way To car - ry the sleigh Through the white and drift - ed snow.



2. Over the river and through the wood,

Oh, how the wind does blow!

It stings the toes,

And bites the nose,

As over the ground we go.

3. Over the river and through the wood

Trot fast, my dappled gray!

Spring over the ground,

Like a hunting hound,

For this is Thanksgiving day.

4. Over the river and through the wood,

And straight through the barnyard gate!

We seem to go

Extremely slow,

It is so hard to wait!

5. Over the river and through the wood,

Now Grandmother's cap I spy,

Hurrah for the fun!

Is the pudding done?

Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO?



1. Where do all the daisies go? I know, I know!



Un - der - neath the snow they creep, Nod their lit - tle



heads and sleep, In the Spring-time out they peep,—That is where they



gol In the Spring-time out they peep, That is where they go!

2. Where do all the birdies go?

I know, I know!

Far away from Winter snow
To the fair, warm South they go;
There they stay till daisies blow,
That is where they go!

3. Where do all the babies go?

I know, I know!

In the glancing fire-light warm,
Safely sheltered from all harm,
Soft they lie on mother's arm,
That is where they go!

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WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

Mary Lamb.

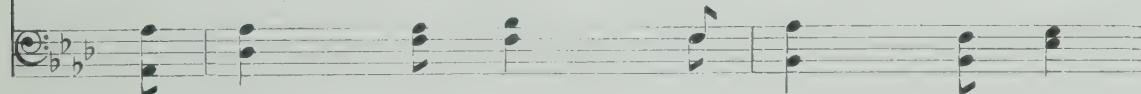
Gertrude Walker.



1. Which way does the wind blow, And where does he go?



He rides o'er the wa - ter and o - ver the snow;



O'er wood and o'er val - ley, And o - ver the height,



Where goats can - not trav - erse, He tak - eth his flight.



2. He rages and tosses,

And bare is the tree,

As when you look upward

You plainly may see;

But from whence he cometh,

Or whither he goes,

There's no one can tell you,—

There's no one that knows.

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES

Rebecca J. Weston.

With spirit.

Harriet Jenks Greenough.

1. The North Wind came a - long one day, So strong and full of fun, He
 2. They ran in crowds, they ran a - lone, They hid be - hind the trees, Till

call'd the leaves down from the trees, And said "Now chil - dren, run!" They
 Bo - reas laugh - ing found them there, "No stop - ping, if you please!" But

came, in red and yel - low dress'd, In shad - ed green and brown; And all the short No -
 when he saw them tired out, All cud - dled in a heap— He soft - ly said "Good-

cres.

vem - ber day He chased them thro' the town, . . . He chased them thro' the town.
 night, my dears! Now let us go to sleep, Now let us go to sleep."

LITTLE WHITE FEATHERS.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

Allegretto.

S. A. Kennicott.

Allegretto.

1. Lit - tle white feath - ers, fill - ing the air!
 2. Lit - tle white feath - ers! how swift you go!

ril. *a tempo.*

Lit - tle white feath - ers, how came you there? We came from the cloud-birds
 Lit - tle white feath - ers, I love you so! We're swift be - cause we've

ril. *a tempo.*

sail - ing on high; They're shak - ing their white wings up in the sky.
 work to . . . do, But hold up your face and we'll kiss you . true.

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LITTLE JACK FROST.

1. Lit-tle Jack Frost went up the hill, Watching the stars and moon so still,
Watching the stars and moon so bright, And laughing a-loud with all his might.

Lit-tle Jack Frost ran down the hill, Late in the night when the winds were still,
Late in the Fall when the leaves fell down, Red and yel-low and fad-ed brown.

2. Little Jack Frost walked through the trees,
"Ah," sighed the flowers, "We freeze, we freeze!"
"Ah," sighed the grasses, "We die, we die!"
Said Little Jack Frost, "Good-bye! Good-bye!"
Little Jack Frost tripped 'round and 'round,
Spreading white snow on the frozen ground,
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,
Chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams.

3. But when Dame Nature brought back the Spring,
Brought back the birds to chirp and sing,
Melted the snow and warmed the sky,
Little Jack Frost went pouting by.
The flowers opened their eyes of blue,
Green buds peeped out and grasses grew;
It was so warm and scorched him so,
Little Jack Frost was glad to go.

LITTLE JACK FROST.

Mrs. S. C. Cornwell

1. Lit - tle Jack Frost went up the hill, Watch-ing the stars and the

moon so still, Watch - ing the stars and the moon so bright,

And laugh - ing a - loud with all his might!

Ending for 3rd stanza.

2. Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,
Late in the night, when the winds were still,
Late in the Fall, when the leaves fell down,
Red and yellow and faded brown.

3. Little Jack Frost walked through the trees,
"Ah!" sighed the flowers, "We freeze, we freeze!"
"Ah!" sighed the grasses, "We die, we die!"
Said Little Jack Frost, "Good-bye, good-bye!"

4. Little Jack Frost tripped 'round and 'round,
Spreading white snow on the frozen ground.
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,
And chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams

5. But when Dame Nature brought back the Spring,
Brought back the birds to chirp and sing,
Melted the snow and warmed the sky
Little Jack Frost went pouting by.

6. The flowers opened their eyes of blue,
Green buds peeped out and grasses grew,
It was so warm and it scorched him so,
Little Jack Frost was glad to go!

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TINY LITTLE SNOW-FLAKES.

Lucy Larcom.

D. Batchellor.

1. Tin - y lit tle snow - flakes, In the air so high,

Are you lit - tle an - gels, Float - ing in the sky?

Robed so white and spot - less, Fly - ing like a dove,

Are you lit - tle creat - ures, From the world a - bove?

2. Whirling on the side walk,
 Dancing in the street,
 Kissing all the faces
 Of the children sweet,
 Loading all the housetops,
 Powdering all the trees,—
 Cunning little snow-flakes,
 Little busy bees!

CHILLY LITTLE CHICKADEES.

D. Batchellor.



1. Chil ly lit - tle chick-a - dees, Sit - ting in a row, Chil ly lit - tle chick-a - dees,



Bur - ied in the snow, Don't you find it ver - y cold For your lit - tle feet?



Don't you find it hard to get An - y - thing to eat?



2. Hungry little chickadees,
Would you like some bread ?
I will give you all you want,
Or some seed, instead.
Anything you like to eat
I will give you free,
Every morning, every night,
If you come to me.

3. Jolly little chickadees,
Have you had enough ?
Don't forget to come again
When the weather's rough.
Bye, bye, happy little birds!
Off the wee things swarm,
Flying through the driving snow,
Singing in the storm.

COASTING SONG.

Mrs. Harriet A. Sawyer.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

Here we go o'er the snow, Soft - ly now we glide,

Sleds in hand, a hap - py band, Coast - ing side by side;

O, what fun, thus to run Swift - ly o'er the snow!

Mer - ry song we'll pro - long, Shout - ing as we go.

WINTER JEWELS.

G. W.

1. A mil - lion lit - tle dia - monds Twink - led on the trees,
2. But while they held their hands To catch the dia - monds gay,

And all the lit - tle chil - dren said, "A jew - el, if you please!"
A mil - lion lit - tle sun - beams came, And stole them all a - way.

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR.

Abridged.

Harriet S. Jenks.

Allegro.

1. Oh, I am the lit - tle New Year, oh, ho!
Big folks and little folks, short and tall,
Each one from me a treasure may win,
So open your doors and let me in.

3. For I am the little New Year, oh, ho!
Here I come tripping it over the snow,
Shaking my bells with a merry din,
So open your doors and let me in!

Words from THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, by permission.

WINTER SONG.

Translated by Mrs. L. T. Cragin.

Arranged from F. Schubert.

Quietly.

1. Light - ly, light - ly falls the snow, My - riad flakes to - geth - er,
Danc - ing, 'danc - ing, to and fro, No one know - eth whith - er.
2. 'Neath a mantle soft and white
Grass and flower sleepeth,
Safe through all the winter's night
Earth her treasures keepeth.

3. After winter comes the May,
Sunshine warm, and showers;
Birds will sing and lambkins play,
Then, too, wake the flowers.

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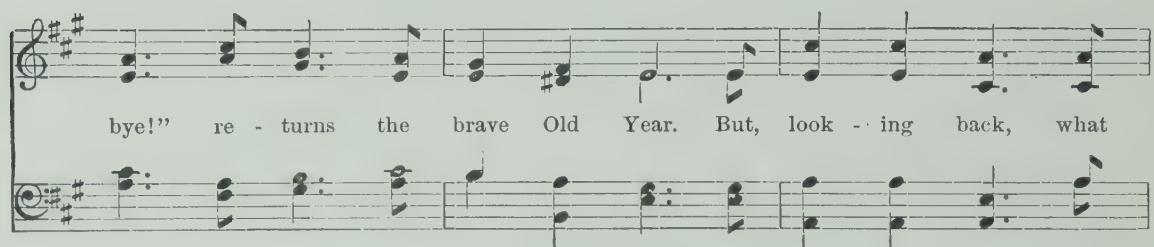
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.



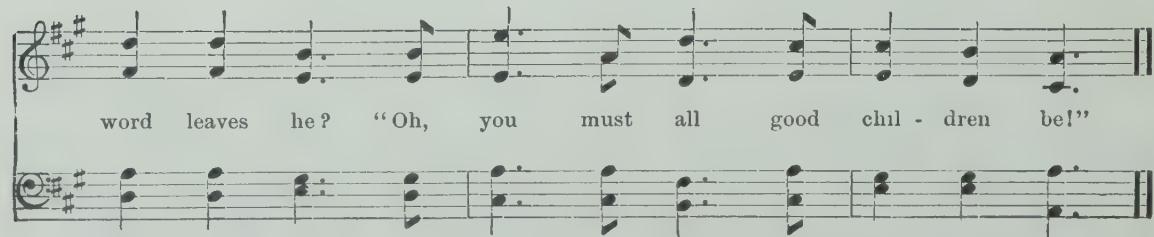
1. The north winds blow o'er drifts of snow; Out in the cold who



goes from here? "Good - bye, good - bye!" loud voic - es ery, "Good -



bye!" re - turns the brave Old Year. But, look - ing back, what



word leaves he? "Oh, you must all good chil - dren be!"

2. A knock! a knock! tis twelve o'clock!

This time of night, pray, who comes here?

Ah, now I see — 'tis he! 'tis he!

All people know the glad New Year.

What has he brought and what says he?

"Oh, you must all good children be!"

THE SNOW.



1. Oh, see the snow is fall - ing now, It pow - ders all the trees!



The flakes a - bound, and all a - round They float up - on the breeze,



The flakes a - bound, and all a - round They float up - on the breeze.



2. 'Tis snowing fast, and cold the blast,

But yet I hope 'twill stay;

Oh, see it blow the falling snow

In shadows far away!

3. Jack Frost is near, we feel him here,

He's on his icy sled;

And, covered deep, the flowers sleep

Beneath the snowy bed.

4. Come out and play this winter day,

Amid the falling snow!

Come, young and old, nor fear the cold,

Nor howling winds that blow!

OH, RING, GLAD BELLS.

Adapted.

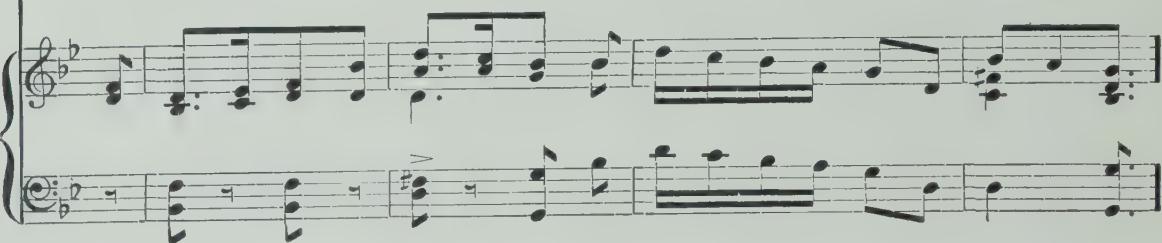
Rev. J. D. Herron.



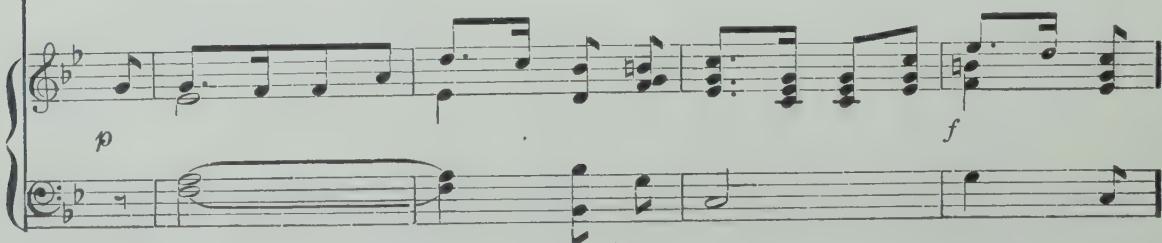
1. The bells are ring - ing loud and sweet, This hap - py Christ-mas day to greet,



And in our hearts glad thoughts are born, By ju - bi - lant bells of Christ-mas morn.



For in a man - ger, poor and low, Was laid the Christ-child years a - go;



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OH, RING, GLAD BELLS.

While shep-herds, on the hills a - near, Heard an - gel voic - es loud and clear.

CHORUS.

Oh, ring, glad bells, ring loud and sweet, The song the a - ges shall re - peat.

Which an - gels sing on Christ-mas still, Of "Peace on earth, to men good-will!"

2. Oh, Christ-child, poor and lowly born,
The stars sang on Thy birthday morn:
While cradled on Thy mother's breast,
The wise men sought Thy place of rest.
Then peace descended on the earth,
In welcome to Thy holy birth.
"Peace upon earth, to men good-will!"
To-day we children sing it still.

CHORUS.

3. Oh, song a-down the ages rolled,
Oh, song which never can be told,
Oh, Christ-child, born the world to bless,
And show the way to happiness,
May we, like shepherds to Thy feet,
Bring love, the gift of all most meet,
And worship there, while singing still,
Of "Peace on earth, to men good-will!"

CHORUS.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Emilie Poulsson.

Margaret Bradford Morton.

1. Once a lit - tle ba - by lay Crad-led on the fra-grant hay, Long a - go on

Christ - mas; Stranger bed a babe ne'er found, Wond'ring cat - tle stood a - round,

Long a - go on Christ - mas, Long a - go on Christ - mas.

2. By the shining vision taught,
Shepherds for the Christ-child sought,
Long ago on Christmas.
Guided in a starlit way,
Wise men came their gifts to pay,
Long ago on Christmas.
3. And to-day the whole glad earth
Praises God for that Child's birth,
Long ago on Christmas;
For the Life, the Truth, the Way
Came to bless the earth that day,
Long ago on Christmas.

THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE ECHOES.

Margaret Bradford Morton.



1. The air is filled with the ech - oes, Glad vo'c - es are singing a - gain,



"Glo - ry to God in the High - est! Peace and good-will to men!" Oh,



lis - ten, dear chil - dren, lis - ten, The bells and the great chimes say The



sweet - est song that ev - er was sung, "Je - sus was born to - day!"



2. The world was dark and lonely,

Till the sound of His voice was heard,
And the hearts of the sad and lowly
Leaped at His lightest word;
And over the fields in their beauty,
The lilies and birds of the air,
The tender love of the Father
He showed us everywhere.

3. An angel may praise Him in Heaven,

A child may sing upon earth,
With a joy that shall ring through all ages
The story of Christ and His birth.
Oh, listen, dear children, listen!
The bells and the great chimes say
The sweetest song that ever was sung,
"Jesus was born to-day!"

NOËL NOËL, THE CHRIST IS BORN!

Words by S. S.

With spirit.

Harry Rowe Shelley.



1. Chime the bells, for the Christ is born; Shout the glad - ti - dings, 'tis Christmas morn;
Tell it a - broad o'er all the earth, Till the air rings with ho - ly mirth. No -
ël, No -ël, the Christ is born; Chime the bells from night till morn;
Bring the hol - ly, and twine the bay, To crown the in - fant King to - day.

2. Send the news o'er the broad, round earth,
Let nations hear of the holy birth;
With shout of praise, and jubilant song,
Let the words ring both loud and strong.
Noël, Noël, etc.

SHINE OUT, OH BLESSED STAR!

Words and Music by Caro A. Dugan.

1. Shine out, oh bless - ed star, Prom - ise of the dawn!
2. Far through the shin - ing sky, An - gel voic - es call,

Glad ti - dings send a - far; Christ, the Lord, is born!
"Glo - ry to God on high! Peace, good - will to all!"

CHORUS.

Ring, ring, hap - py bells! Hap - py bells, Bells of Christ - mas!

Ring, ring, hap - py bells! Christ, the Lord, is born!

3. Hail to the Holy Child,
Hail our Lord and King!
Wise men and shepherds wild
Eager tribute bring.

CHORUS.

4. Sing, all in earth and Heaven!
This is Christmas morn!
Joy to the world is given,
Christ, the Lord, is born!

CHORUS.

SING, LITTLE CHILDREN, SING.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN OF MISS GARLAND'S KINDERGARTEN.

Lucy Larcom.

George L. Osgood.

Allegro. *Brightly.*

1. Sing, lit - tle chil - dren, sing A car - ol for Christ-mas

day; Blos - soms and gar - lands bring, While the mer - ry bells

ring. Joy - ful - ly . . . let us say . . . Je - sus is born to -

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SING, LITTLE CHILDREN, SING.

day.

Joy - ful - ly . . . let us say. Je - sus is born to -

ritard.

day.

a tempo.

f

2. Jesus on earth was born,
 And lived here a little child,
 He doth our world adorn,
 Light of this lovely morn,—
 Jesus, the undefiled,
 Jesus, the Heavenly Child.

3. Sing, little children, dear,
 Not only on Christmas day,
 But ev'ry day of the year;
 Still is the Christ-child here.
 He is here, and we always may
 Be glad, as on Christmas day.

COME AND JOIN OUR CAROL.

G. C. G.

E. B. Story.

1. Come and join our car - ol, As, with glad re - frain,
 Shout we joy - ful ti - dings To the world a - gain.

CHORUS.
 Hear the an - gel cho - rus In the heav - ens sing, "Ho -
 san - na in the high - est! Peace on earth we bring!"

2. Help us tell the story
 Of the glorious birth,
 How our blessed Jesus
 Came upon this earth.
 CHORUS.

3. Christ, our loving Saviour,
 Lived and died for all
 Who, their sins repenting,
 Heed His earnest call.
 CHORUS.

4. **N**ow we ought to love Him
 Who has loved us so,
For He gave His life that
Ve to Heaven might go.
 CHORUS.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

Patty Hill.

Julia A. Hidden.

1. Once with - in a low - ly sta - ble, Where the sheep and ox - en
 2. God sent us this lov - ing ba - by From His home in heav'n a -

lay, A lov - ing moth - er laid her ba - by In a man - ger fill'd with
 bove. He came down to show all peo - ple How to help and how to

hay. Ma - ry was that moth - er there, And the Christ the ba - by fair.
 love. This is why the an - gels bright Sang for joy that Christ - mas night.

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 (69)

A WONDERFUL TREE.

Mrs. M. N. Meigs. Adapted.

Fred. Schilling.

2. 'Tis not alone in the summer's sheen
 Its boughs are broad and its leaves are green,
 It blooms for us when the wild winds blow,
 And earth is white with the feathery snow.
 And this wonderful tree,
 With its branches wide,
 Bears many a gift
 For Christmas tide.

3. But not for us children did this tree grow,
 With its strange sweet fruit on each laden bough;
 For those we love we have made with care
 Each pretty thing you see hanging there.
 May this wonderful tree,
 With its branches wide,
 Bring joy to our friends
 At Christmas tide!

4. For a voice is telling its boughs among
 Of the Shepherd's watch and the angel's song,
 Of a holy babe in the manger low,—
 The beautiful story of long ago;
 When a radiant star
 Threw its beams so wide,
 To herald the blessed
 First Christmas tide.

5. Then spread thy branches, wonderful tree,
 And bring the pleasant thought to me
 Of Him who came from His home above,
 The richest gift of His Father's love,
 He came to show us how
 To spread far and wide
 The joys of the holy,
 Sweet Christmas tide!

CAROL, OH, CAROL!

Words and Music by Caro A. Dugan.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the vocal part, the middle staff is for the piano right hand, and the bottom staff is for the piano left hand. The music is in common time (indicated by '3') and G major (indicated by a sharp sign). The vocal part begins with 'Car - ol, oh, car - ol, Christ - mas is here, . . .'. The piano parts provide harmonic support with chords and bass lines. The vocal part continues with 'Glad - dest of birth - days In all the year! . . .'. The piano parts continue to provide harmonic support. The vocal part concludes with 'Glad - dest of birth - days In all the year!'. The piano parts continue to provide harmonic support.

2. Long ago, Christmas,
In Winter wild,
Brought us from Heaven
The dear Christ-child.
3. Sing, little children,
Glad echoes wake,
We'll love each other
For Christ's dear sake.

MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Words and Music by James R. Murray.

Mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells, Oh, sweet - ly, sweet - ly chime!

Let the hap - py voic - es on the breez - es swell, This mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas time.

dolce.

1. Peace on earth, good-will to men, Oh, an - gel sing - ers, sing a - gain, While
2. Ban - ish ev - ery thought of care, Let mirth and mus - ic fill the air, While

hearts and voic - es here be - low Join in the sweet re - frain! Oh,
hearts and voic - es here a - gain Re - peat the sweet re - frain! Oh, etc.

a tempo.

mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells, Oh, sweet - ly, sweet - ly chime!

Let the hap - py voic - es on the breez - es swell, This mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas time.

CAROL, CHILDREN, CAROL.

Car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly,
Car - ol for the com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.

And pray a glad - some Christ - mas To all good Chris - tian men,

Then car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, Till Christ - mas come a - gain, Oh,

car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, car - ol joy - ful - ly,
Car - ol for the com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.

CHILDREN, CAN YOU TRULY TELL?



1. Chil - dren, can you tru - ly tell, Do you know the



sto ry well, Ev - ery lit - tle girl and boy,



Why the an - gels sing for joy, On the Christ - mas morn - ing?



2. Yes, we know the story well,
Listen now, and hear us tell,
Every little girl and boy,
Why the angels sing for joy,
On the Christmas morning.

3. Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scattered 'round,
When the brightness filled the sky,
And a song was heard on high,
On the Christmas morning.

4. Angels sang a loud, sweet song,
For a holy babe was born;
Down on earth to live with men,
Jesus, our dear Saviour, came,
On the Christmas morning.

5. Joy and peace the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang,
“Peace on earth, to men good-will!”
Hark! the angels sing it still,
On the Christmas morning.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

Words and Music by Eugene Thayer, 1868.

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly Car - ol, Christmas bells! Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly

Car - ol, Christ - mas bells! Christ, our Lord, was born to - day, Let us all be

glad and say We will love him and o - obey! Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

Car - ol, Christ - mas bells! Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly Car - ol, Christ - mas bells!

2. Joyfully, joyfully
Carol, Christmas bells!
Merrily, merrily
Carol, Christmas bells!
Here around the Christmas tree,
All our hearts are glad and free,
While we carol lovingly,
Joyfully, joyfully, etc.

3. Joyfully, joyfully
Carol, Christmas bells!
Merrily, merrily
Carol, Christmas bells!
For we all remember here
Christ, our Lord and Saviour dear,
Now, and always while we sing,
Joyfully, joyfully, etc.

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THE BLESSED DAY.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

D. Batchellor.

1. What shall lit - tle chil - dren bring on Christ-mas day, on Christ-mas day?
 2. What shall lit - tle chil - dren sing on Christ-mas day, on Christ-mas day?

What shall lit - tle chil - dren bring, on Christ - mas day in the morn - ing?
 What shall lit - tle chil - dren sing on Christ - mas day in the morn - ing?

This shall lit - tle chil - dren bring, on Christ - mas day, on Christ - mas day,
 The grand old car - ols shall they sing, on Christ - mas day, on Christ - mas day,

Love and joy to Christ, their King, On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.
 With all their hearts their offerings bring, On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.

This shall lit - tle chil - dren bring, On Christ - mas day, on Christ - mas day,
 The grand old car - ols shall they sing, On Christ - mas day, on Christ - mas day,

Love and joy to Christ their King, On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.
 With all their hearts their offerings bring, On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.

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THE NEW MOON.

Mrs. Follen.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

1. Oh, moth-er, how pret-ty the moon looks to-night; It was nev-er so cun-ning be-
fore!... Her two lit-tle horns are so sharp and so bright, I
hope she'll not grow an-y more... If I were up there with
you and my friends, We'd rock in it nice-ly, you'd see, ... We'd
sit in the mid-dle, and hold by both ends, Oh, what a bright cra-dle 'twould be!...

2. We'd call to the stars to keep out of the way,
For fear we should rock on their toes,
And then we would rock till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.
And there we would stay in the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We'd see the sun set, and we'd see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

BABY'S LULLABY.

When lit - tle bir - die bye - bye goes, Qui - et as mice in church - es,

He puts his head where no one knows, On one leg he perch - es.

When lit - tle ba - by bye - bye goes, On mam - ma's arm re - pos - ing,

Soon he lies be - neath the clothes, Safe in the cra - dle doz - ing.

cres.

poco cres.

cres.

rall.

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BABY'S LULLABY.

When pret - ty pus - sy goes to sleep, Tail and nose to - geth - er, Then lit - tle mice a -

round her creep, Light-ly as a feath - er. When lit - tle ba - by goes to sleep,

... And he is ver - y near us, Then on tip - toe soft - ly creep, That ba - by may not

hear us! Lul - la - by! Lul-la - by! Lul - la, Lul-la, Lul-la, Lul - la - by!

Dedicated to Miss Hannah Woodman.

THE SANDMAN.

Harriet Johnson McLellan.

Andante.

Harry McLellan.

1. Lit - tle one, soft - ly close your eyes, . . .
2. Is - n't it strange how he steals a - round ? He

p

p *rall. e dim.* *p a tempo.*

Shad - ow the blue of the sum - mer skies; There's noth - ing to fear Though
comes in the dark and he makes no sound; He comes and he goes, And

p

twi - light is near, And the sand - man is wait - ing till dark-ness is here. Then
no - bod - y knows That he's com - ing at all till the sand . . . he throws. For

THE SANDMAN.

out of the shad - ows he'll soft - ly creep, And in your sweet eyes throw the
while you are wait - ing for just one peep The sand's in your eyes, and you're

p

sand of sleep, That won - der - ful sand From a won - der - ful strand Which
fast a - sleep, That won - der - ful sand From a won - der - ful strand Which

mf

tenderly

car - ries my ba - by to Lul - la - by Land, That won - der - ful sand From a

marcato

dim. e rall.

won - der - ful strand, Which car - ries my ba - by to Lul - la - by Land.

dim. e rall.

Ped.

ONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE KITTY. *Adapted.*

1. Once there was a lit - tle kit - ty White as the snow; In the barn she
 used to frol - ie, Long time a - go. In the barn a lit - tle mou - sie
 Ran to and fro; And she heard the kit - ty com - ing, Long time a - go.

2. Two black eyes had little kitty,
 Black as a crow,
 And they spied the little mousie,
 Long time ago.
 Four soft paws had little kitty,
 Soft as the snow,
 And they caught the little mousie,
 Long time ago.

3. Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
 All in a row,
 And they bit the little mousie,
 Long time ago.
 When the teeth bit little mousie,
 Mousie cried out "Oh!"
 And she got away from kitty,
 Long time ago.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

Jane Taylor.

Gertrude Walker.

1. Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are,
 Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia - mond in the sky!

2. When the glorious sun is set,
 When the grass with dew is wet,
 Then you show your little light,
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

3. Little traveller in the dark,
 Thank you for your tiny spark;
 For you never shut your eye,
 Till the sun is in the sky!

THE LITTLE ELF-MAN.

John Kendrick Bangs.

Julia A. Hidden.

I met a lit - tle Elf - man once, Down where the lil - ies blow; .

I asked him why he was so small, And why he did not grow. .

He slight - ly frown'd, and with his eye He look'd me thro' and thro' .

"I'm quite as big for me" said he, "As you are big for you." .

WEAVING SONG.

Alice C. Burdett.

Arranged by H. S. J.

LADY MOON.

Lord Houghton.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

2. Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

3. Ask me not this, little child, if you love me,
You are too bold.
I must obey the dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

SEWING SONG.

Emilie Pousson.

H. S. J.



1. Lit - tle card so dain - ty, Snow - y white and fair,



Neat must be the fin - gers Touch - ing you with care,



Shin - ing lit - tle nee - dle, Through the card you go,



Draw - ing pret - ty worst - ed, As we learn to sew.



2. Happy are we working,
Thinking of the day
When the pretty present
We can give away.
Little gifts are precious,
If a loving heart
Help the busy fingers,
As they do their part.

BIRTHDAY BELLS.

E. M. G.
mf

R. W. G.



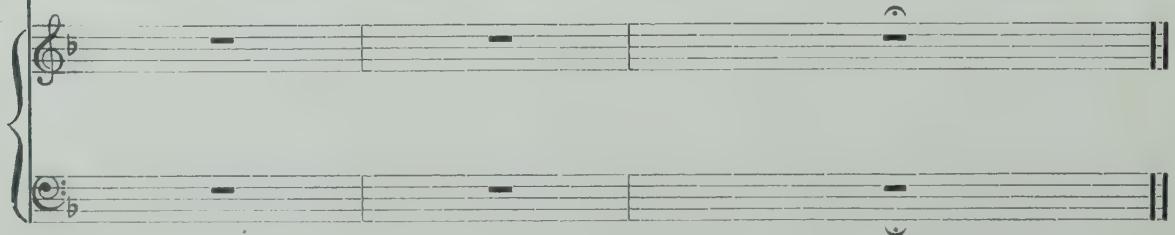
1. Hap - py birth - day, [Ma - ry] dear, Sing we now our greet - ings here.
2. "[Five] bright years," the bell doth say, "Made [her] tall - er grow each day.



Let us ring a birth - day bell, Connt the years [she] has to tell;
Made [her] kind and lov - ing too, Glad for play and work to do;



Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, ding, ding, ding.
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, ding, ding, ding.
*(Tap), (tap,) (tap,) (tap) (tap) (tap) (tap) (tap).



* Tap bell as often as the number of years required.

GOOD-MORNING SONG.

Words and Music by Caro A. Dugan.



1. Good - morn - ing to the sun - shine fair, That lights this world of ours,



Good - morn - ing to the sing - ing birds, Good - morn - ing to the flowers!

CHORUS.



Good - morn - ing to the glad new day, What - e'er the skies let fall,



If storm or sun - shine, it is sent, A lov - ing gift to all.



2. Good-morning to the friendly clouds
That bring refreshing rain,
Which patters out "Good-morning, dears!"
Against the window pane.
CHORUS.

3. Good-morning to the lovely snow,
That lies so soft and deep
Above the little tender seeds
In mother earth asleep.
CHORUS.

GOOD-MORNING, NEW DAY.

G. W.

With spirit.

Good-morn-ing, new day! We're glad we're a - wake, Your work and your play and your sun - shine to take; We're glad we are a - ble So gai - ly to call, "Good - morn - ing! Good - morn - ing! Good - morn - ing to all!"

GOOD-MORNING, DEAR CHILDREN.

Adapted.

Good - morn - ing, dear chil - dren, good - morn - ing to all! The clock points the hour, and we come at its call; We're hap - py in work and we're hap - py in play, Then hur - rah! then hur - rah! for each hap - py day.

GOOD-MORNING.

GESTURE SONG.

Words and Music by Gertrude Walker.

Quietly.

This is how, all through the night, Lit - tle eyes were fold - ed tight, Lit - tle hands and

lit - tle feet Rest - ed long in slum - ber sweet. Soft - ly creeping, comes the sun,

And it rous - es ev - ery one, Up the lit - tle chil - dren rise, Rub - bing o - pen

Faster.
sleep - y eyes. "Good-morn-ing!" cheer - ful fa - ces say, "We're glad to see you,

hap - py day!" "Good-morn-ing!" merry voic - es ring, "To all good-morn-ing now we sing!"

THUMBKIN SAYS, "I'LL DANCE!"

1. Thumb-kin says, "I'll dance!" Thumb-kin says, "I'll sing!"

Dance and sing, ye merry lit-tle men; Thumb-kin says, "I'll dance and sing!"

2. Pointer says, "I'll dance!" etc.
 3. Tall man says, "I'll dance!" etc.
 4. Ring man says, "I'll dance!" etc.
 5. Little man says, "I'll dance!" etc.
 6. All the men say they'll dance! etc.
 7. All the men say they'll rest! etc.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Anna S. Mather.

Caro A. Dugan.

1. Oh, where is lit-tle Boy Blue? The cows are in the corn!

They are eat-ing it up as fast as they can, Why doesn't he blow his horn?

2. And down in the meadow, the sheep Are swinging their tails behind them; You know they belong to little Bo-Peep, And she doesn't know where to find them.

3. One day our little Boy Blue Lay under the haystack high, And we didn't dare to wake him up, For fear that he would cry.

4. Perhaps he is sleeping to-day, With his eyelids closed so fast, That he doesn't hear a word we say; Ah! here he comes at last!

5. Now, hear him blow his horn, Toot-too! Toot-too-a-too-too! And the cows have all gone out of the corn, And the sheep are scampering, too!

EIGHT WHITE SHEEP.

1. I've eight white sheep all fast a - sleep, And two old dogs close by; All

through the night their watch is bright, For fear a wolf come nigh. A

wild wolf comes, and then old thumbs, Who like no bet - ter play, Cry

“Bow, bow wow!” and “Bow, wow, wow!” And drive the wolf a - way!

2. Ha, ha, what fun! one sheep has run,
And there goes number two!
Old thumbs now cry their “Bow, wow, wow!”
And don't know what to do.
Now there goes three, and there goes four,
All in a frightened pack,
And now old thumbs cry, “Bow, wow, wow!”
And try to drive them back!

3. Now there goes five, and there goes six,
Just see them jump the rails!
So now old thumbs cry, “Bow, wow, wow!”
And wag their bushy tails;
And there goes seven, and there goes eight,
Oh, look how fast they run!
And now old thumbs cry, “Bow, wow, wow!”
And think it is great fun.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY, ON THE TREE-TOP.

Henry Field.

Musical score for "Rock-a-Bye, Baby, on the Tree-Top." The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '6/8'). The vocal line starts with a piano dynamic (p) and consists of eighth-note chords. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "Rock - a - bye, Ba - by, On the tree - top, When the wind blows The cra - dle will rock; When the bough breaks The cra - dle will fall, Down will come Ba - by, Cra - dle, and all."

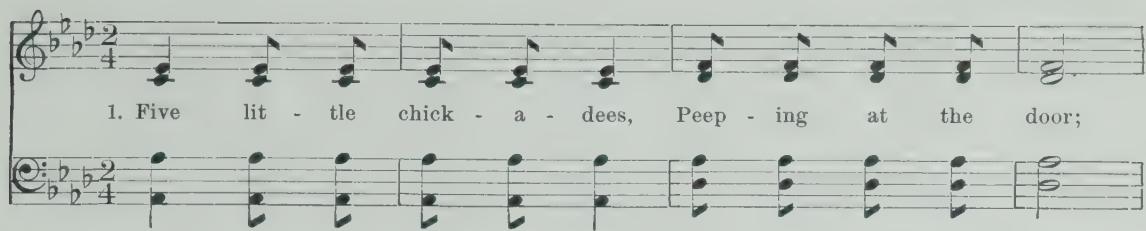
THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.

Annie B. Winchester.

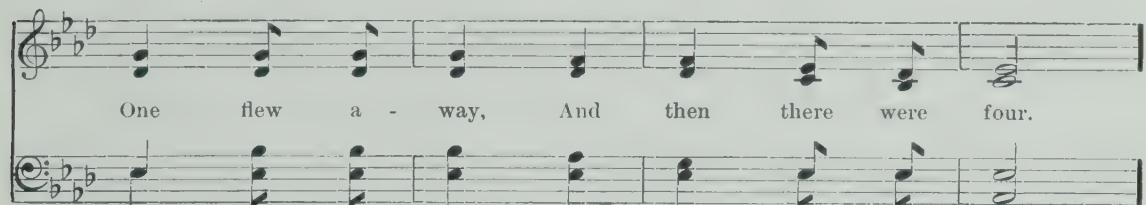
Musical score for "This Little Pig Went to Market." The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '6/8'). The vocal line starts with a piano dynamic (p) and consists of eighth-note chords. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "This lit - tle pig went to mar - ket, This lit - tle pig stayed at home; . . . This lit - tle pig had roast - beef, This lit - tle pig had none. . . And this lit - tle pig cried 'Wee, wee, wee,' All the way home. . . Ped. *

FIVE LITTLE CHICKADEES.

Harriet S. Jenks.

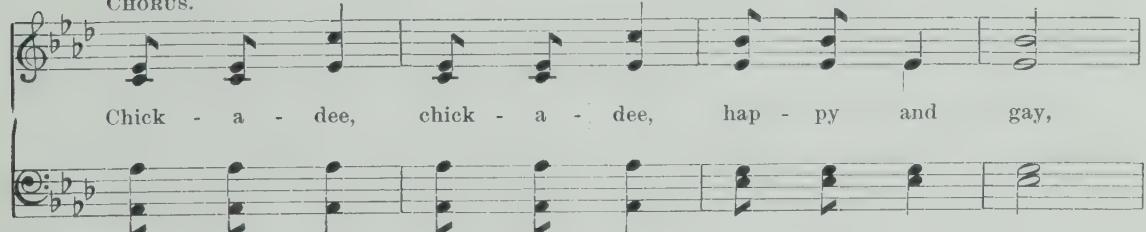


1. Five lit - tle chick - a - dees, Peep - ing at the door;

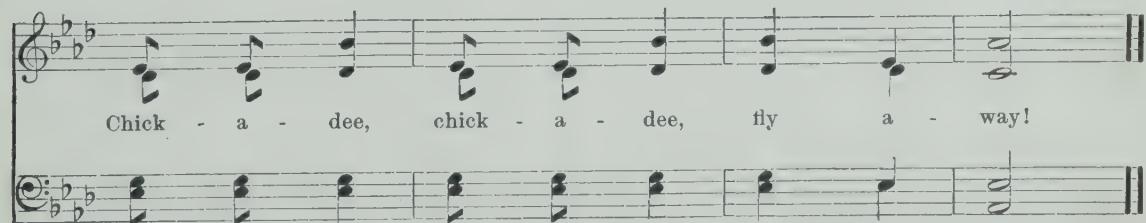


One flew a - way, And then there were four.

CHORUS.



Chick - a - dee, chick - a - dee, hap - py and gay,



Chick - a - dee, chick - a - dee, fly a - way!

2. Four little chickadees,
Sitting on a tree;
One flew away,
And then there were three.

CHORUS.

3. Three little chickadees,
Looking at you;
One flew away,
And then there were two.

CHORUS.

4. Two little chickadees,
Sitting in the sun;
One flew away,
And then there was one.

CHORUS.

5. One little chickadee,
Left all alone;
He flew away.
And then there were none.

CHORUS.

MY PIGEON-HOUSE.

German Air. Arranged by Miss E. M. Parker.

My pig - eon - house I o - pen wide, And set the pig - eons free;

They fly o'er the fields on ev - ery side, And light on the tall - est tree;

But when they re-turn from their mer-ry flight, I'll shut the door and say, "Good-night!"

Coo - roo, coo - roo!

IN THE BRANCHES OF A TREE.

Words and Music from the German.
Verse 2, Miss De Lande.

1. In the branch - es of a tree Is a bird her nest pre - par - ing;
2. All a - round the pret - ty nest, Fa - ther bird is swift - ly fly - ing,

Lay - ing in two lit - tle eggs, Com - ing out two lit - tle birds, Call - ing their mam-ma,
Bring - ing food to moth - er dear, And the ba - by bird - ies near. Work - ing and sing - ing

“Peep,peep,peep, Mam - ma dear,peep ! mam-ma dear,peep ! We love you dear - ly, peep,peep,peep !”
this sweet song, “Moth - er dear,peep ! bird - ies dear,peep ! I love you dear - ly, peep,peep,peep !”

THE LITTLE MICE ARE CREEPING.

Margaret Bradford Morton.

1. The lit - tle mice are creep - ing, creep - ing, creep - ing, The lit - tle mice are creep - ing through the house.

2. The little mice are nibbling in the house.
3. The little mice are sleeping in the house.
4. The old gray cat comes creeping through the house.
5. The little mice all scamper through the house.

THE PIGEON SONG.

From the German.



FLY, LITTLE BIRDS.

Emilie Pousson.

Mrs. S. C. Cornwell.



1. Fly, lit - tle birds, fly east and west, Hunt - ing a place to build your nest.



Tall trees are stand - ing side by side; Will you a - mong their branch - es hide ?

2. Fly, little birds, fly high and low,
Fly to the pretty place we show,
Here in the niche of the garden wall;
Doesn't this suit you best of all ?

3. Fly, little birds, fly 'round and 'round,
Fly to the bushes and trees and ground,
Gathering tiny bits and shreds,
Grasses and lint and straws and threads.

4. Fly, little birds, fly through the air,
Chirping and singing everywhere;
Then, in the place that you like best,
Busily weave your cosy nest.

THE FAMILY.

From the German.



This is the grandma - ma, This is the grandpa - pa, This is the mother dear,



This is the fa-ther dear, This is the lit - tle child, See the whole fami-ly here!



RAINBOW SONG.

Josephine Pollard.

Adapted.

Seven little fairies came, When the storm was ended,

Seven little fairies came, Dressed up very splendid. Hand in hand they

tripped a long, Keep ing time to geth er, Driv ing gloom y clouds a way,

Bring ing back clear weath er. Seven little fairies came When the storm was

ended, Seven little fairies came, Dressed up very splendid.

OUR BALLS ARE GOING TO BYE-LOW-LAND.

Emma C. Flint.

Our balls are go - ing to Bye - low - land, Go - ing to sleep in each child's hand,

Rock them so gen - tly to and fro, Our lit - tle balls to sleep must go!

Swing, oh! bye - low! Our lit - tle balls to sleep must go.

UP, UP, IN THE SKY.

Up, up in the sky the lit - tle birds fly, Down, down in the nest the lit - tle birds rest;

With a wing on the left, and a wing on the right, We'll let the dear bird-ies sleep all thro' the night.

GO OVER, COME BACK HERE.

Music score for 'GO OVER, COME BACK HERE.' featuring two staves. The top staff is in G major (3/4 time) and the bottom staff is in C major (3/4 time). The lyrics are: 'Go o - ver, come back here so mer - ry and free,' and 'My play - fel - low dear who shares in my glee.'

THE BALL COMES 'ROUND TO MEET US.

Music score for 'THE BALL COMES 'ROUND TO MEET US.' featuring three staves. The top staff is in G major (4/8 time), the middle staff is in C major (4/8 time), and the bottom staff is in C major (4/8 time). The lyrics are: 'The ball comes 'round to meet us, And, could it speak, would greet us,' and 'And to each one would say "Good-day!" say "Good-day!" say "Good-day!"' The bottom staff concludes with '(100)'.

NOW OUR BALLS ARE SWINGING.

Words and Music by Annie B. Winchester.

Gracefully
mp

Now our balls are swing - ing Like the bells a - ring - ing. See them go To and fro,
Stead - i - ly and slow... Now our balls are swing - ing Like the bells a - ring - ing.

This musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and 6/8 time, with dynamics 'Gracefully' and 'mp'. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 6/8 time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the first two lines appearing above the treble staff and the third line appearing below the bass staff. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

ROLL OVER, COME BACK HERE.

Words and Music by Annie B. Winchester.

Brightly
mf

Roll o - ver, come back here, so hap - py and gay, Tra la la la,
tra la la la, My dear lit - tle play - mate, who shares in my play,
Tra la la la la la, . . . Roll o - ver, roll o - ver, my play - fel - low dear, my
play - fel - low dear, Roll o - ver, roll o - ver, Roll o - ver, come back here to me . . .

This musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and 6/8 time, with dynamics 'Brightly' and 'mf'. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 6/8 time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the first two lines appearing above the treble staff and the third line appearing below the bass staff. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests, with a prominent bass line in the lower staff.

CLOSE HIDDEN IN MY HAND IT LIES.

Amy Field.



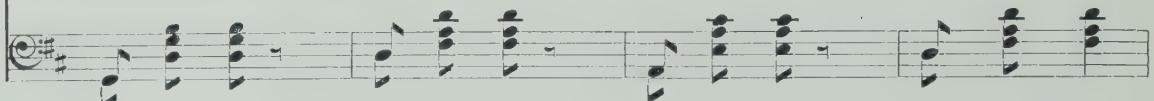
1. Close hid - den in my hand it lies, Then up in - to the air it flies,
 2. In its nest up - on the bough, The mam - ma - bird is with it now,



Nest - ling down up - on the ground, And now 'tis hop - ping 'round and 'round.
 Ev - ery - thing a bird can do My lit - tle ball can do it, too.



Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la,
 Tra, la, la, la, etc.



Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la!



BELL HIGH IN THE STEEPLE.



Bell high in the stee - ple Calls to church the peo - ple, Ding,dong,Ding,ong,Ding,dong,bell!



LESSON FOR FIRST GIFT.

Angelique de Lande.

Brightly

Adapted.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren, look at me, And re - mem - ber what you see,

When I play a pret - ty game, You may do the same.

Let your balls go round and round, Do not make a sin - gle sound,

Let your balls go round and round, Just as I do mine.

2 Let your balls go front and back,
In a straight and even track,
Let your balls go front and back,
Just as I do mine.
Let your balls go up and down
From the tree-tops to the ground,
Let your balls go up and down,
Just as I do mine.

3 Let your balls go left and right
Like the pendulum so bright,
Let your balls go left and right,
Just as I do mine.
Now we've had a merry game,
And we all have done the same ;
Let us put our balls away
For another day.

4 To your beds now softly creep,
Little balls, and go to sleep ;
While we sing a lullaby
In the dear old way.

(Sing a lullaby.)

BUCKET SONG.

R. J. W.

1. Up, up, my lit - tle buck - et comes From the deep, dark well;
 2. It brings us spark - ling wa - ter, So pure and cool and sweet,
 It's full and run - ning o - ver; Now, what it brings who'll tell?
 To wash the chil - dren's fa - ces, And lit - tle danc - ing feet.

CARTWHEEL SONG.

FINE.

Rolling and roll - ing, O - ver it goes, Car - ry - ing the cart where no - bod - y knows,

1. The cart it car - ries a load of hay To give my horse some din - ner to - day.
 2. This cart has cans of milk so white, To give the chil - dren some sup - per to - night.
 3. The gro - cer's cart brings sug - ar and tea, And flour to make nice cakes for me.

Mary P. Bell. A LITTLE WOODPECKER AM I.

A lit - tle wood - peck - er am I, And you may al - ways know

When from, the tree I'm seek - ing food, For tap, tap, tap, I go.

LITTLE BALL, PASS ALONG.

PLAYED LIKE "BUTTON BUTTON."

Emilie Pousson.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

Lit - tle ball, pass a - long, Sly - ly on your way; While we sing a

mer - ry song, you must nev - er stay, Till at last the song is done,

Then we'll try to find In what pair of lit - tle hands You've been left be - hind.

THE BAKER.

Adapted.

S. M. Bush.

1. What does the bak - er make, we say, As he rolls a - way from day to day,

Roll-ing so stead - i - ly this way and that, Roll-ing his dough so thin and flat?

2. And now he presses and cuts his cake, Getting it ready so soon to bake; He makes the cookies so smooth and round, And one is cut with each little sound.

3. Then into the oven with a push they go, And oft he turns them to and fro, Rolling and pressing he makes them round, When they are done, one for each will be found.

FORMING THE RING.

M. M. M.

Music adapted from Reinecke, by H. S. J.



We'll march and march and march a - round, And, march - ing, gai - ly



sing, Then hand in hand so qui - et - ly, We'll quick - ly form a ring!



Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la,



la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la!



MOTION SONG.

E. M. G.
Allegretto.

R. W. G.

With our head and hands and feet Man - y things we do,

[John] will show us some - thing now, Then we'll do it too. Tra

la la la la la la la! Tra la la la la la! Tra

la la la la la la la! Tra la la la la la! la!

Ped.

* *Ped.*

* *Without Pedal*

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A LITTLE GAME FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Emilie Pousson.

1. Now, join hands and let us all play a lit - tle with the ball.

In the ring shall Char - lie stand, and toss the ball to some one's hand;

Ev - ery lit - tle child must watch it, and be read - y next to catch it,

Slower.

While the mus - ic grows more slow, Now then, Char - lie, you may throw.

TOSSING GAME.

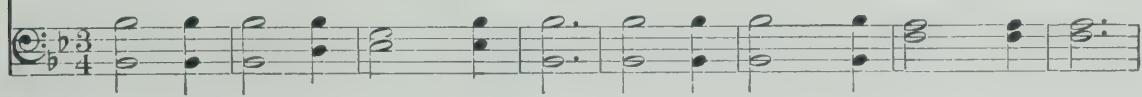
1. My ball, I want to catch you, Once, twice, three times, four times, five times, six times.

LIKE THE BALL WE MOVE AROUND.

Words and Music by Grace Call.



1. Like the ball we move a - round, Mak - ing but a lit - tle sound,



See, it turns the oth - er way, And helps to make our pleas - ant play.



2. Watch and see it go hop, hop!
Watch again, and see it stop.
If you watch a little more,
Perhaps 'twill roll upon the floor.

MY BALL COMES UP TO MEET ME.



1. My ball comes up to meet me, Then down it goes so fleet - ly,

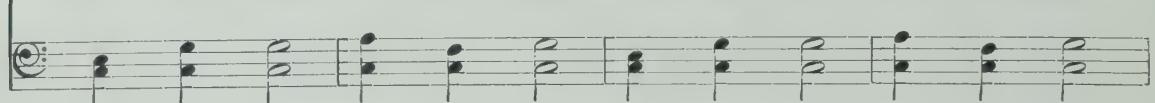
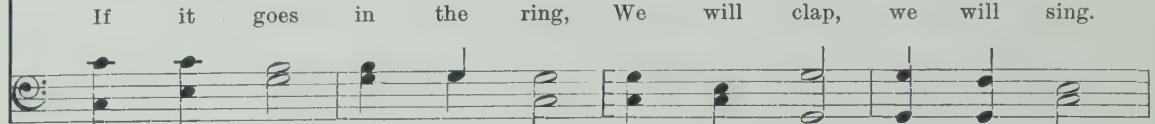
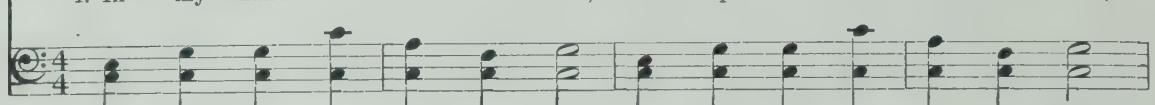
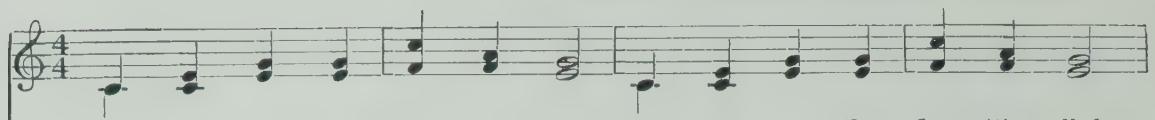


In the air, oh, hur - rah! In the air, oh, hur - rah!



IN MY HAND A BALL I HOLD.

Words and Music by Miss E. H. Macomber.



2. In my hand the ball I hold,
Till upon the floor 'tis rolled;
If it goes in the ring,
We will tramp, we will sing.
Now the ball's in the ring,
We will tramp, we will sing!
We will tramp, we will sing,
For the ball's in the ring.

3. In my hand the ball I hold,
Till upon the floor 'tis rolled;
If it goes in the ring,
We will dance, we will sing,
Lightly step in the ring,
We will dance, we will sing!
We will dance, we will sing,
For the ball's in the ring.

ROBIN, ROBIN REDBREAST.

Words and Music by Anna S. Mather.

2
4

1. Rob - in, Rob - in Red - breast, Sing - ing on the bough,
Come and get your break - fast, We will feed you now.

2
4

Rob - in likes the gold - en grain, Nods his head and sings a - gain,
"Chirp-ing, chirp-ing cheer - i - ly, Here I come so mer - ri - ly! Thank you, chil-dren dear!"

2. In the cage, canary,
Dainty warbler sweet,
Something in the basket
We have for you to eat.
Birdie likes the lettuce green,
That is plainly to be seen,
"Trilling, trilling cheerily,
Here I come so merrily!
Thank you, children dear!"
3. Bonny, bonny bluebird,
Living in the wood,
Come, we will not harm you,
But give you something good.
Let us see if he will come
For this great ripe purple plum;
"Singing, singing cheerily,
Here I come so merrily!
Thank you, children dear!"

OVER AND BACK.



O - ver and back, o - ver and back, See lit - tle balls go o ver and back!



Yel - low, blue, green can plain - ly be seen, And pur - ple and or - ange and red.



CHERRIES RIPE.



1. { Cher - ries ripe, cher - ries ripe! Who will buy my cher - ries ripe?
 { Cher - ries ripe, cher - ries ripe! Who will buy my cher - ries ripe?



Cher - ries ripe, cher - ries ripe! I will buy your cher - ries ripe!
 Cher - ries ripe, cher - ries ripe! I will buy your cher - ries ripe!



2. Oranges ripe, etc.

3. Lemons ripe, etc.

6. Purple grapes, etc.

4. Apples green, etc.

5. Blueberries ripe, etc.

BIRDIES IN THE GREENWOOD.

From the German.

1. Bird - ies in the green - wood Sing so sweet and clear,

2/4 time, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a continuous eighth-note bass line. The bass staff has a continuous eighth-note treble line.

Warb - ling in the green - wood, 'Tis their song we hear!

2/4 time, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a continuous eighth-note bass line. The bass staff has a continuous eighth-note treble line.

Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la!

2/4 time, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a continuous eighth-note bass line. The bass staff has a continuous eighth-note treble line.

Tra, ia, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

2/4 time, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a continuous eighth-note bass line. The bass staff has a continuous eighth-note treble line.

2. Birdies in the greenwood
Build their little nests,
Leave them in the greenwood,
Ready for their rest.
Tra, la, la, etc.

3. Birdies in the greenwood
Sing themselves to sleep;
Slumber in the greenwood
Must be sweet and deep!
Tra, la, la, etc.

FLYING BIRDS.

Arr. by H. S. J.



1. Fly, lit - tle birds, fly 'round the ring, Fly, lit - tle birds, while we all sing,



Then fly down at some one's feet, Who will sing you a song so soft and sweet.



2. "Stay, little bird, oh, stay with me,
Stay and my little birdie be,
If you do, I will treat you well,
And give you a cage in which to dwell."

LITTLE DOVE, YOU ARE WELCOME.

Adapted.



1. Lit - tle dove, you are wel - come! What news do you bring
2. O - ver hill - top and val - ley, To you I have come,
3. Take one word to our moth - er, And that is our love,



From home and from moth - er? Pray tell us and sing!
A kiss and a let - ter I bring you from home!
Fly a - way lit - tle bird, Fly a - way gen - tle dove!



HARE IN THE HOLLOW.

Words and Music from the German

1. Hare in the hol - low, why so still? Poor hare, are you ill?
 That you can not jump and spring, Jump and spring, jump and spring?

2. Hare, now be careful, sit quite still,
 The hunter is near,
 Dogs are running down the hill,
 Sit quite still, sit quite still!

3. Hare, now be cheerful, jump and spring,
 All danger is past,
 You may jump and spring at last,
 Jump and spring, jump and spring!

HOP, HOP, COME BIRDIES ALL.

N. C. Holdredge.

Arr. by G. W.

Hop, hop, hop, hop, come bir-dies all, O - ver the way to make us a call;
 Hop, hop, hop, hop, back to your nests, Tuck your heads un - der your wings, and rest.

HOPPING BIRDS.

German Air.

These lit - tle bir - dies in their nest Go hop, hep, hop, hop, hop, hop!
 { They try to do their ver - y best To hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!

HOPPING AND FLYING BIRDS.

Angelique De Lande.

Brightly.

Angelina K. Mudge.

1. I saw some lit - tle hop - ping birds, When I went out to play, And
 2. I saw some lit - tle fly - ing birds, When I went out to play, And

all those lit - tle bird - ies dear Were do - ing just this way, . . .
 all those lit - tle bird - ies dear Were do - ing just this way, . . .

Hop - ping, hop - ping, hop - ping, hop - ping, Then they hopp'd a - way.
 Fly - ing, fly - ing, fly - ing, fly - ing, Fly - ing all the day.

Play the last two measures after second verse, and then sing: Flying, flying, flying, flying. Then they flew away!

HEARING GAME.

Cheerfully.

Words and Music by Annie B. Winchester.

Now close your eyes, my play - mate, But let your quick ears hear,

And tell us who is call - ing "Good morn - ing!" sweet and clear.

CHASING THE SQUIRREL.

The squirrel loves a pleasant place, Tra, la, la, la, la, la!
 Now see our baby squirrels dear, Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

To catch him you must run a race, Tra, la, la, la, la, la!
 We will not keep them prisoners here, Tra, la, la, la, la!

Hold out your hands, and you will see Which of the two will
 We'll give them each, a nut to crack, And then they'll gaily

quick - er be, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la!
 scam - per back, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la!

THE WINDMILL.

Words and Music from the German.

See the windmill how it goes, { Always turning'round and'round, Never i - dle is it found.
 While the wind so free-ly blows, { }

THE PENDULUM.

Come and see, come and see, how mer - ri - ly the clock doth go. The

pen - du - lum swings to and fro, and nev - er from its place doth go, Swings

first to the left and then to the right, all the day and all the night.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack, tick!

SAWING GAME.

From the German.

Let us now be - gin our saw - ing, For - ward, back - ward, push - ing, draw - ing, Saw - ing, saw - ing,

wood in two; Lit - tle piec - es, big - ger piec - es, See saw, see saw, see saw, see!

THE SNAIL.

From the German.

1. Hand in hand, you see us well, Creep like a snail in -

to his shell, Ev - er near - er, ev - er near - er, {
Ev - er clos - er, ev - er clos - er, }

Ver - y snug in - deed you dwell, Snail, with - in your ti - ny shell.

2. Hand in hand, you see us well,
Creep like a snail out of his shell,
Ever farther, ever farther,
Ever wider, ever wider,
Who'd have thought this tiny shell
Could have held us all so well ?

SMELLING GAME.

Adapted.

German Air.

Oh, love - ly fra - grant flow - er, Pray come and join our game,
 And to our lit - tle play - mate Tell soft - ly now your name!
 Now take the lit - tle flow - er, You've guessed its name a - right,
 But place it in cool wa - ter, To keep it fresh and bright.

GUESSING GAME.

1. Let us pace a - round with sing - ing, Till our play-mate taps his stick,
 2. Sing the song I now am sing - ing, Till I right - ly guess your name;
 3. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,

When you hear him, do not lin - ger; Sing your an - swer soft and quick.
 If I fail, your mer - ry laugh - ter Will not harm or spoil the game.
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,

THE FARMER.

From the German



1. Would you know how does the farm - er, Would you know how does the farm - er,



Would you know how does the farm - er Plough his field in the Spring?



Look, 'tis so, so does the farm - er, Look, 'tis so, so does the farm - er,



Look, 'tis so, so does the farm - er Plough his field in the Spring.



2. Would you know how does the farmer
Sow his barley and wheat?

3. Would you know how does the farmer
Reap his barley and wheat?

4. Would you know how does the farmer
Thresh his barley and wheat?

5. Would you know how does the farmer
Sift his barley and wheat?

6. Would you know how does the farmer
Carry his barley and wheat?

7. Would you know how does the farmer
When his day's work is done?

Look, 'tis so, so rests the farmer, etc.

8. Would you know how does the farmer
When he's rested again?

Look, 'tis so, so plays the farmer, etc.

THE MILL.

Volkslied.



1. The mill by the riv - u - let ev - er-more sounds, Clip, clap! By day and by night goes the



mil - ler his rounds, Clip, clap! He grinds us the corn to make nour - ish - ing bread, And



when we have that we are dain - ti - ly fed, Clip, clap! clip, clap! clip, clap!



2. The wheel quickly turns, and then round goes the stone,

Clip, clap!

And grinds up the wheat which the farmer has sown,

Clip, clap!

The baker then bakes for us biscuit and cake,—

Oh, what a good baker such nice things to make!

Clip, clap! clip, clap! clip, clap!

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THE BLACKSMITH.

Old Song.

Arranged by Miss E. M. Parker.

1. The black - smith hammers the whole day long, His

hammer is heav - y but his arm is strong.

CHORUS.

Strike, boys! strike, . . . boys! . . . While the iron is

red hot! Strike, boys! strike, boys! While the iron is hot!

2 He heats the iron in the fire,
Then hammers out a large, round tire.
CHORUS.

3 Here comes a horse,—what will he do?
He'll hammer out a nice new shoe.
CHORUS.

4 Here comes a man with a broken chain;
He'll hammer the links together again.
CHORUS.

5 He heats the iron and hammers away,
Making the runners for our new sleigh
CHORUS.

MOWING.

E. M. G.

R. W. G.

1. Pe - ter mows with joy - ous song, Swings his scythe the
 2. Le - na fills her milk - pail bright With the milk all

whole day long, Mows the green grass wav - ing high,
 foam - ing white, Takes it to the moth - er dear, Who

Spreads it in the sun - to dry. Soon he carts this
 gives it to her chil - dren here. Let us thank our

good, sweet hay To his barn not far a - way, Ju - ey
 moth - er now, Le - na, Pe - ter and the cow, Grass that

hay the cows will eat, Then they'll give us milk so sweet.
 grew in rain and sun, And God who sent them ev - 'ry one!

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THE TOYMAN'S SHOP.

E. M. G.

R. W. G.

Oh, let us go to the Toy - man's shop And look at all his toys! . . . He
has such pret - ty dolls and drums For lit - tle girls and boys. . . .
Hip - it - y hop to the Toy - man's shop, Let's hur - ry, ev - 'ry one. . . . We'll
choose a toy for girl and boy, Oh, that will be such fun!
Hip - it - y hop from the Toy - man's shop, Then quick - ly we'll haste a - way!
Hip - it - y hop from the Toy - man's shop And have a hap - py play!

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(125)

WHEN WE'RE PLAYING TOGETHER.

1. When we're play - ing to - geth - er, We are hap - py and glad;
 In bright or dull weath - er We nev - er are sad.

2. Now tell, little playmate,
 Who has gone from our ring;
 And if you guess rightly,
 We will clap as we sing.

THE SHOEMAKER.

Adapted.

Arranged by L. M. Libby.

1. We're bus - y mak-ing shoes, Who'll buy our new shoes? Stitch-ing so mer - ri - ly,
 2. Peg in, and pound, pound! Mak - ing our new shoes, Peg - ging so mer - ri - ly,

Mak - ing such strong shoes! Big shoes and lit - tle shoes, Slip - pers, boots and ba - bies' shoes,
 Mak - ing such good shoes! Big shoes and lit - tle shoes, Slip - pers, boots and ba - bies' shoes,

Stitch - ing, stitch - ing, all the day, Oh, who will buy our shoes?
 Peg - ging, pound - ing, all the day, Oh, who will buy our shoes?

THE COOPER.

Arranged by G. W.

1. Oh, I am a coop - er, what care do I know, As at work on my
 bar -rels I mer - ri - ly go? Rap a tap! Rap a tap!
 Rap a tap I go! Rap a tap! Rap a tap! Rap a tap I go!

2 Oh, barrels I bind, as a cooper should do,
 And hard do I labor to make them fit true.

3 Oh, I am a cooper, what care do I know,
 As to work on my washtubs I merrily go.

4 And pails too I'm making, so strong and so tight,
 I'm busily working from morning till night.

KITTY WHITE.

Kit - ty white so sly - ly comes, To catch the mous - ie gray,
 But mous - ie hears her soft - ly creep, And quick - ly runs a - way!

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KITTY CAT AND THE MOUSE.

Arranged by G. W.

Kit - ty cat, I hear a mouse! Pit - ty, pat, run through the house!

Kit - ty, hur - ry, kit - ty run, Quick, or you will lose the fun!

Kit - ty hears, and sly - ly creeps, Now she list - ens, now she leaps!

Ah, too late,—you can not win it, There's the hole, the mouse is in it!

Eep! . . . Eep! . . . Eep! The ba - by mice their moth - er greet.

Well for them, my kit - ty cat, That she heard your pit - ty pat!

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SHADOW GAME.

Harmony by L. H. C. Holty.

Words by M. Stedman.

mf

Melody by W. A. Mozart.

1. Oh see, I have a sha - dow That likes to play with me! He's
 2. He plays what - ev - er I . . . play, When sun or light is here. But

al - most sure to fol - low, Where - ev - er I may be!
 when that light has gone a - way, Why, he's no lon - ger near!

SHADOW GAME.

(FOR IMITATION.)

Mabel Stedman

This game is designed for use in kindergarten in connection with the mother play of "The Shadow Rabbit," but it may also be used for children in the first grade of primary schools.

One child is chosen to represent the sun, and the others form two circles, one within the other. The children in the outer circle represent the shadows of the children in the inner circle, and therefore each one in the outer circle should stand directly behind the child whose shadow he represents. The child who acts as the sun takes a crouching position in the middle and the "shadows" do the same in the outer circle. Very slowly the "sun" rises (until standing), throwing his imaginary rays upon the children and causing their shadows to rise behind them. Then the children make simple arm movements, singing:

"Oh, see, I have a shadow
 That likes to play with me.
 He's almost sure to follow
 Wherever I may be."

After singing they run, walk, jump, hop or skip about as they please, each child followed by his shadow, who does exactly as he does. To avoid confusion in this, the teacher may ask two or three children at a time to show her what their shadows will do. After all have taken their turns, the "sun" goes down and at the same time the "shadows" disappear, which they do by crouching down. Then the children sing:

"He plays whatever I play
 When sun or light is here,
 But when that light has gone away,
 Why, he's no longer near!"

This is the end of the game, but in order that all may share in the different activities, it may be repeated, a different child being chosen to act as the "sun" and the children changing places with their "shadows."

Played at the KINDERGARTEN GAME FESTIVAL, BOSTON, 1908.
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NOW PARTING TIME HAS COME AGAIN.

G. W.

Allegretto

Grace Wilbur Conant.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The first system, in G major (indicated by a G with a sharp), starts with a piano dynamic (p) and features a bass line with eighth-note chords. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Now part - ing time has come a - gain, Good - bye we all must say; To -'. The second system, in E major (indicated by an E with a sharp), continues with a bass line and the lyrics 'mor - row may we have a - gain An - oth - er hap - py day.'

OUR PLAY IS O'ER.

Old Song.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The first system, in G major (indicated by a G with a sharp), features a bass line with eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: '1. Our play is o'er, our work is done, Our things are in their plac - es; 2. So now we part, in right good cheer, With - out a thought of sor - row;'. The second system, in E major (indicated by an E with a sharp), continues with a bass line and the lyrics 'Now to our homes we'll quick - ly run, With cheer - ful hearts and fac - es. Good - bye to all, but, teach - ers dear, We hope to meet to - mor - row.'

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FINGER PLAYS AND GAMES.

Page 90. THUMBKNIN SAYS, "I'LL DANCE!"

The thumbs dance first, then the fingers in turn. At the words, "Dance and sing, ye merry little men!" all the fingers dance. While singing "All the men say they'll rest!" the hands remain folded.

Page 90. LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The fingers of the right hand are kept in rapid motion upon the table, to represent the cows feeding in the corn. The thumb of the left hand rests upon the table, while the fingers are held close together, and are moved slowly back and forth, to represent the sheep "wagging their tails behind them." In the third stanza, the haystack is shown by holding the hands upright, and touching the finger-tips; the thumbs, meeting underneath, represent Little Boy Blue asleep. The first three lines of the fourth stanza gain in effect by being sung slowly and softly. At the words, "Ah, here he comes at last!" the hands separate suddenly, and the fingers of the right hand close, while the thumb stands alone as Little Boy Blue. In the fifth stanza, the little finger of the left hand is held against the thumb of the right, and in this way Little Boy Blue is represented as blowing his horn. After the sounding of the horn, the hands return to their first position, and the fingers move quickly upon the table to represent the scampering of the cows and sheep in turn.

Page 91. EIGHT WHITE SHEEP.

The fingers closed represent the eight white sheep asleep, and the thumbs, held erect, the "two old dogs" keeping watch. Bend the thumbs quickly while singing "Bow-wow-wow!" Extend the fingers one by one, moving them rapidly to correspond with the words.

Page 93. FIVE LITTLE CHICKADEES.

The thumb and fingers represent the chickadees. The words of the song cannot fail to suggest the movements. A flying movement of the arms and hands may accompany the chorus.

Page 94. MY PIGEON HOUSE.

The left hand closed over the right represents the pigeon house, and the fingers of the right hand represent the pigeons. Upon opening the pigeon house, the birds fly out and around. They are represented as perching upon the "tallest tree" by stretching the arms and hands up as far as possible. After the flight, they are gathered again into the pigeon house, and "Coo-roo!" is softly sung as a good-night.

Page 95. IN THE BRANCHES OF A TREE.

The arms and hands upraised represent the branches of a tree. Gradually the arms are lowered, and a nest is formed by interlacing the fingers. The thumbs, representing the two eggs, are carefully laid within, but soon they reappear as little birds. While singing "Peep-peep!" the upper part of the thumb should be kept in motion.

Page 95. THE LITTLE MICE ARE CREEPING.

The mice are represented by a rapid creeping upon the table of the fingers of the right hand; the nibbling by the drumming of the first two fingers; and the mice asleep, by the thumb and fingers at rest. The left hand comes stealthily creeping as the "old gray cat." This is shown by keeping the fingers close together, and letting the thumb and fingers touch the table alternately. When "the old gray cat" has crept very near the little mice, they scamper away. The cat is represented as looking after them in astonishment, by resting the thumb upon the table and keeping the fingers close together and outstretched. The fun of the play is heightened by letting the children call kitty away.

Page 96. THE PIGEON SONG.

This may be played like "My Pigeon House," page 94.

Page 97. FLY, LITTLE BIRDS.

By the gentle movement of the arms, and the fluttering of the fingers towards the left and right, the birds are represented as flying east and west. The trees are made by stretching the arms high above the head and holding the hands erect. In the second stanza, the movement of the arms and hands is first upward and then downward to the table, where the "niche in the garden wall" is formed by the meeting of the wrists, with the hands opening outward. In the third stanza, the hands follow each other horizontally, in a circular movement, pausing at differ-

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FINGER PLAYS AND GAMES.

ent heights to indicate the bushes, the trees, and the ground. While singing the last two lines, the action of the fingers is that of gathering material for nest-building. In the fourth stanza, the hands move independently of each other, and at last return to the table, where a "cosy nest" is formed by interlacing the fingers.

Page 97.

THE FAMILY.

The thumb and fingers represent the different members of the family mentioned in the song.

Page 98.

RAINBOW SONG.

This song may be used to heighten the interest in color exercises.

Page 99. OUR BALLS ARE GOING TO BY-LOW-LAND.

The movements which should accompany the song seem clearly indicated by the words.

Page 99.

UP, UP IN THE SKY.

The left hand represents the nest; the ball in the right hand, the bird. While singing "With a wing on the left," etc., the hands move in the direction indicated by the words.

Page 100.

GO OVER, COME BACK HERE.

This may be either a rolling game or a tossing game.

Page 100.

THE BALL COMES ROUND TO MEET US.

The children sit in a circle. Each child passes the ball from his right to his left hand, and then to his neighbor's right hand, with slow, rhythmic movement.

Page 102.

CLOSE HIDDEN IN MY HAND IT LIES.

A ball represents the bird. In the first stanza, the action is clearly indicated by the words. In the second stanza, the left hand, held high, represents the nest which holds the bird. The right hand, covering the left, represents the mother-bird. In the chorus, while the ball is held in one hand, a flying movement is made with the outstretched arms.

Page 102.

BELL HIGH IN THE STEEPLE.

In this song, a ball with string attached is used. The hands, held upright with the finger-tips touching, form the steeple. Between the tips of the middle fingers the string is held and the ball is swung to and fro.

Page 104.

BUCKET SONG.

The well may be formed by cubes or by the hands, and a ball or cylinder may be lowered for the bucket.

Page 104.

CARTWHEEL SONG.

This may be played with the cylinder or ball of the second gift.

Page 104.

A LITTLE WOODPECKER AM I.

This may be played with the second gift. The tapping of the hard ball against the cube or cylinder represents the pecking of the woodpecker.

Page 105.

THE BAKER.

This is played with the cylinder which serves as a "roller"; turned on end, it represents the "cutter." The movements are suggested by the words.

Page 109.

LIKE THE BALL WE MOVE AROUND.

This is played with a ball with string attached. One child stands in the centre of the ring and swings the ball in a circle. The children move in the direction in which the ball moves, and turn when it turns. While singing the second stanza, the children stand still, the ball is lowered to the floor, and moved as the words suggest. At the last, this ball is rolled to another child.

Page 109.

MY BALL COMES UP TO MEET ME.

This is played with a rubber ball which is bounced and tossed as the words suggest.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FINGER PLAYS AND GAMES.

Page 110.

IN MY HAND A BALL I HOLD.

A ring may be marked upon the floor with chalk, or may be formed by cubes with an opening through which the ball can be rolled. The movements of the play are indicated by the words.

Page 111.

ROBIN, ROBIN REDBREAST.

This is played in the ring. Red, yellow, and blue balls are given to children, who represent in turn the robin, the canary, and the bluebird. Other children hold the orange, the green, and the purple balls, which represent the "golden grain," the "lettuce green," and the "purple plum."

Page 112.

OVER AND BACK.

The children stand in opposite rows and join left hands across. Colored balls, held in the right hand, are swung up and over to meet one another, and then are lowered again, in time with the music. This may also be used as a rolling game at the tables.

Page 112.

CHERRIES RIPE.

One child stands in the centre of the ring, and holds a basket filled with colored balls which represent the fruit he is to sell. The child who buys takes from the basket the balls representing the fruit he wishes.

Page 113.

BIRDIES IN THE GREENWOOD.

Children are chosen to represent the birds; the others, standing in the ring, represent trees, and stand far enough apart to let the birds fly between. During the second stanza, the children separate in twos and form nests by stooping and placing the hands on each other's shoulders. In the third stanza, the children, with eyes closed, softly sing themselves to sleep.

Page 114.

FLYING BIRDS.

While the first stanza is being sung, the children chosen to represent the birds, fly about inside the ring and "kneel at some one's feet." During the second stanza, the birds are gently stroked, and the arms placed about them form the cages.

Page 114.

LITTLE DOVE, YOU ARE WELCOME.

A child, representing the dove carrying a letter, flies to some child in the ring, and in answer to the children's greeting sings the second stanza. Then the child to whom the dove has flown takes the letter, becomes in turn a dove, and flies away while the third stanza is sung.

Page 115.

HARE IN THE HOLLOW.

Children are chosen for the hunter and the three dogs, who run about outside the ring. The other children stand close together, in order to make the ring as small as possible, while the boy chosen for the hare crouches in the centre. At the close of the second stanza, the hunter and his dogs run off; the ring is then made larger, and the hare "jumps and springs."

Page 115.

HOP, HOP, COME, BIRDIES ALL.

A few children inside the ring represent the birds. The children forming the ring call them, and throw them corn as they come. After this, the birds hop back to their nest in the centre of the ring.

Page 115.

HOPPING BIRDS.

The ring is the nest. The children who are chosen for birds stoop, and with arms held close at the sides hop about.

Page 117.

CHASING THE SQUIRREL.

The child chosen for the squirrel runs around outside the ring. At the words "Hold out your hands," the children hold their hands behind them. Then the child whose hand the squirrel touches gives chase. If the squirrel is caught, he takes his place inside the ring. After several squirrels have been caught, the last stanza is sung.

Page 117.

THE WINDMILL.

Four children cross right hands, thus forming a windmill, and turn in time with the music.

Page 118.

THE PENDULUM.

The motion of the pendulum may be represented by the swinging of the arms from the shoulder, or by swinging a ball held by a string.

Page 119.

THE SNAIL.

The children stand in a ring, with hands joined. One is chosen for the snail. This one drops the hand of the child at his right, and leads into the middle of the ring, where he stands while the others, winding closer and closer around him, form his shell. While the second stanza is being sung, the children unwind until the ring is formed again.

Page 120.

SAWING GAME.

Two children, standing opposite each other, join left hands and hold them rigid, to represent the wood. The right hands are joined, and the arms represent the saw. The movement in sawing is from the shoulder. When the children sing the last word, the wood falls apart.

Page 120.

SMELLING GAME.

One child is blindfolded, and a flower is held for him to smell. If he guesses its name, the flower is given him.

Page 120.

GUESSING GAME.

A child blindfolded stands in the middle of the ring, holding a stick. When he gives the signal, by tapping the floor with the stick, the children, who have been pacing around, stand still. The stick is then pointed at some one in the ring, who, taking the other end, holds it and sings the *Tra-la-la* in answer to the second stanza, which is sung by the blindfolded child.

Page 121.

THE FARMER.

The movements in this game are made during the second part only of each stanza. The ploughing is shown by the action of two children. One, with hands extended behind him, is the horse; the second holds the hands of the first, and drives him up and down the cracks in the floor, or the seams in the carpet, thus making straight furrows.

Page 122.

THE MILL.

Several small rings of children represent the mill wheels; the others, joining hands, wind in and out among them, in representation of the stream. During the singing of the last stanza, a large ring is formed again.

Page 123.

THE BLACKSMITH.

A child in the centre of the ring represents the blacksmith in his shop. His left hand, closed and extended before him, represents the anvil, and his right hand the hammer with which he deals swinging blows upon the anvil. The children who form the ring join him in his movements. The tire is represented by raising the arms and meeting the finger-tips above the head. A boy chosen for the horse is driven to the blacksmith to be shod, while the third stanza is being sung. Two children, representing the broken links of the chain, are brought by a third child to the blacksmith, who links their arms and thus mends the chain.

Page 126.

WHEN WE'RE PLAYING TOGETHER.

A child stands before the teacher with eyes closed. During the singing of the first stanza, another is sent from the ring to hide. While the second stanza is being sung, the child looks around the ring and guesses who is gone.

Page 126.

THE SHOEMAKER.

The children sit with feet crossed upon the floor. The stitching is represented thus: the hands are moved toward each other, the forefingers being extended to represent the needles; then the hands are closed, as if grasping the thread, and are drawn apart with a sudden movement. The movements of the second stanza are suggested by the words.

Page 127.

THE COOPER.

One child is the cooper. He chooses eight children to be staves in his barrel, and places them in a circle. He then interlaces their arms, thus making the hoop which he hammers on while singing "rap-a-tap!"

Page 127.

KITTY WHITE.

A few children, standing close together in the centre of the ring, form the mouse-hole. One child inside is the mouse. He creeps out and around, until chased back to his hole by another child who, as the cat, has been lying in wait outside the ring.

Page 128.

KITTY CAT AND THE MOUSE.

The few differences between this game and the preceding one are suggested by the words.

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